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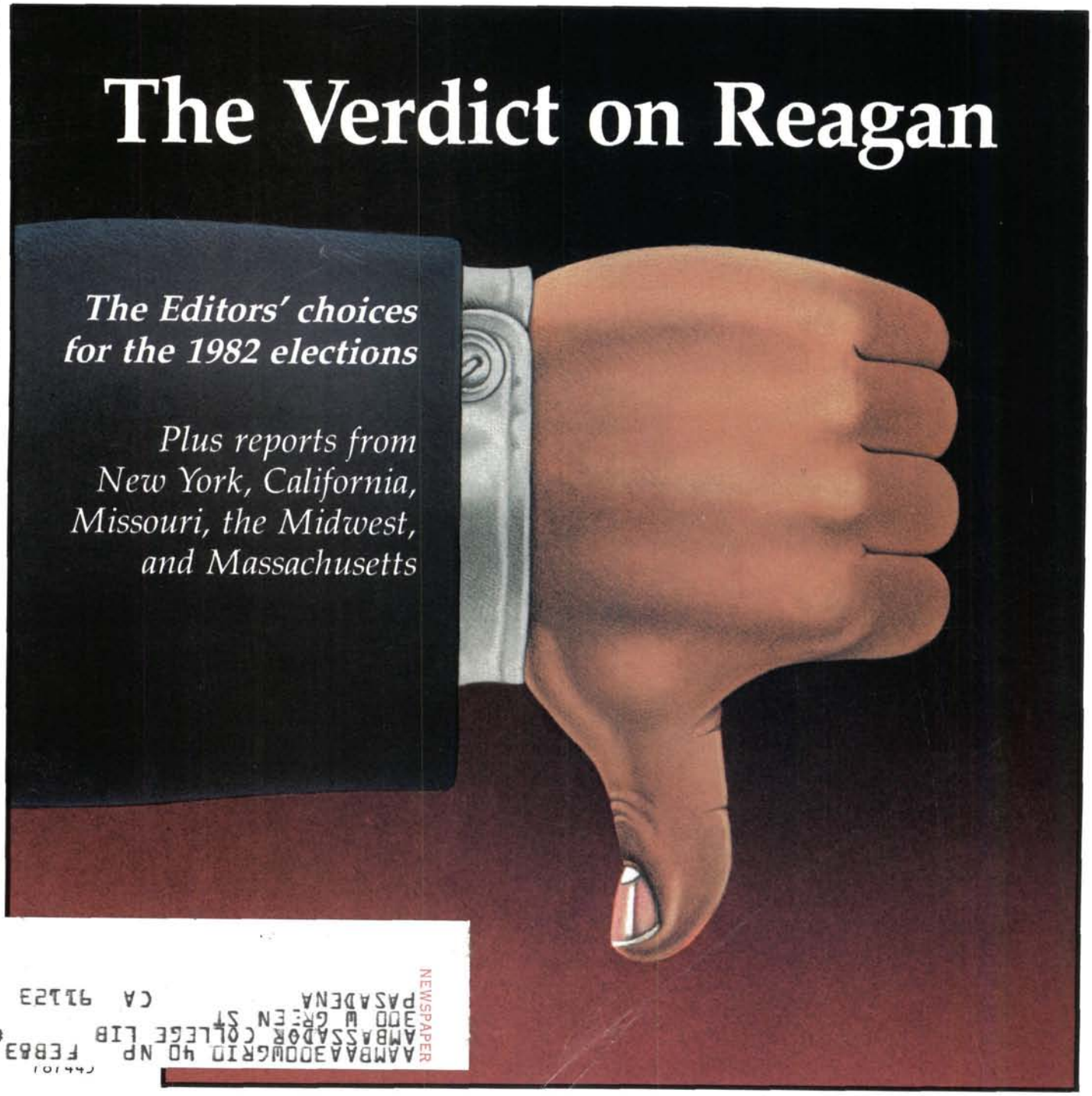

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CORRESPONDENCE

LAMONT'S LAMENT

To the editors:

Paul Hollander's review of my memoirs, *Yes to Life* (TNR, October 18), is the most unfair and unbalanced review of a book by me that I have encountered in fifty years of authorship. I do not make this judgment because of his long list of my mistakes about the Soviet Union and other Communist countries, some of which I acknowledge, but because he almost totally neglects the other, more important aspects of my life.

There is hardly a word in Mr. Hollander's review about my battles for civil liberties, including the defeat of Senator Joseph McCarthy in U.S. Courts; nothing about my leadership in the American Humanist movement, including the writing of five books and my exposure of the fanatical Moral Majority; and nothing about my unceasing efforts for international peace, including the control and eventual elimination of nuclear weapons.

Mr. Hollander gives the impression that my career has been primarily as an apologist for the Soviet Union and other Communist nations. But my attitude toward them, as toward most foreign countries, has always been one of *critical sympathy*. In my book *Russia Day by Day* (1933) I stated that there were many negative features of the Soviet system. And I have continued that critical posture for nearly half a century, particularly in reference to the lack of democracy and civil liberties there, a point that I stress in *Yes to Life*.

In any case, my main work has been in other fields. Hollander's review is not only an injustice to me, but also constitutes a warning to the public that we may face a revival of the vicious Red-baiting of the McCarthy era.

CORLISS LAMONT
New York, New York

STATUS MAGAZINES

To the editors:

As the author of the *Selective Guide to Colleges*, I read with interest Paul Fussell's discussion of the guide and the issue of how colleges and universities confer status on their alumni ("Schools for Snobbery," TNR, October 4).

I was also struck by the similarities between the statements of academic officials and the house ad that ran in the middle of the article under the headline "Did You Read Your First Issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC in College?"

A. Bartlett Giamatti, the president of Yale, we are told, views the role of "the University" as "the guardian of the imagination that both defines and asserts our humanity." Similarly, we are told in the house ad that "with values crumbling, THE NEW REPUBLIC is more essential than ever." Just as TNR "helped form your humane political and social values," a subscription in the hands of a college student today "can help form those of the next generation."

As one who did indeed read my first issue of TNR in college and has stayed on as a subscriber and occasional contributor ever since, it occurred to me that Mr. Fussell might want to extend his theories of the origins of status in a democratic society to magazine affiliations as well as academic ties.

Accordingly, I would be proud to add a TNR decal or bumper sticker to the back of our family station wagon. My children are not yet of college age, so the symbolism will not be complete. But I'm sure I can find some space in between CAMP NEWFOUND and I LOVE MY POODLE.

EDWARD B. FISKE
New Canaan, Connecticut

AUTHOR'S QUERY

To the editors:

I am at work on a full-scale life and times of Paul Robeson. His son, Paul Robeson Jr., has given me exclusive access to the family's vast and hitherto closed archives, eschewing all control over what I write. I am in the process of interviewing Robeson's friends and associates in this country and elsewhere. In an endeavor at comprehensiveness, I would appreciate hearing from those not yet contacted; and also learning of additional unpublished source materials (especially correspondence). Strict confidentiality will be maintained.

MARTIN BAUML DUBERMAN
Department of History
Lehman College, C.U.N.Y.
Bronx, New York 10468

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TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Fragile Economies

As the steamer's deep-toned whistle filled the Hudson, one reporter shouted back a final question to John J. Raskob: General Motors is selling for 187, he said. How high will it go? Raskob said it was worth every bit of 225. Within two days it was over 210 and a week later reached 225. That was in March 1929. The crash didn't come until October.

In 1982 General Motors sold as low as 34. Then came reports that Fed chairman Paul Volcker was modifying three years of tight money and was lifting the foot from the high-interest brake. Prices jumped. The other day GM sold for 54, a gain of 60 percent. By one estimate the increase in stocks and bonds added $300 billion to people's assets. It was one of the most thrilling rides in Wall Street history.

Does it mean that this is another 1929? Of course not! The collapse of 1929 sprang from world forces that had been under way for twenty years. Ronald Reagan isn't Herbert Hoover. Yet America's attention is distracted by the midterm election and it has not grasped the global scope of the present drama. We're moving in uncharted waters. The recession is worldwide. Walter Heller says we have never had such a prolonged slump with such high interest rates. Now, thank heavens, the rates are beginning to come down a bit. But for how long? Do we really know what the disputed Fed is doing?

Appearing on ABC's "This Week with David Brinkley," last week, conservative Alan Greenspan disputed liberal-leaning Lester Thurow about the economy. Both are worth listening to: Thurow is alarmed and wants world coordination; Greenspan thinks the situation is probably in hand, and praises Reagan's leadership. But he agrees the world situation is fragile. "There are similarities to 1929." He doesn't think there will be a crash, but "I think it's the most risky period we have been in in the post-World War II period."

The most remarkable thing about this, I think, is the inattention of the Americans: it is not a domestic problem, it is a world problem. The man down the block who lost his job last week—he's global. It is not really a question of whether 10.1 percent unemployment in the U.S. helps or hurts Ronald Reagan's Republicans in the election; it is a question of whether Mexico defaults. Here is the latest issue of the esteemed London *Economist*. The headline on the cover is THE CRASH OF 198?. It asks, "Is the surge in Wall Street's Dow Jones index to 30 percent above its level of two months ago a consequence mainly of temporary American political and economic misjudgment, and is everything likely to collapse spectacularly soon in a world banking crash?" It cautions, "Bulls riding the world's biggest stock market boom during its second biggest peacetime recession should note that a few worrying days might be expected in the meantime."

A Washington reporter has difficulty dealing with European colleagues these days. "I can't get sympathy writing about your unemployment," one London correspondent told me the other day. "It's worse at home and in most of Europe." Also there is the question of whether the Fed has really abandoned its tight money policy. *Time* magazine says: "Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker confirmed the shift during a weekend meeting of business leaders in Hot Springs, Virginia." Well, maybe yes, and maybe no. If he hasn't, Wall Street has made a $300 billion mistake. Volcker says flatly there has been "no change in the basic thrust of policy." Knowledgeable Lindley Clark, writing on the sanctified Op-Ed page of *The Wall Street Journal* on October 19, says he believes the Fed chief: "Maybe Paul Volcker is lying now, but it's hard to believe that credibility built up over three years can vanish overnight."

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 8, 1982

THE CHOICE FOR '82

The most stirring speech of the Republican National Convention was delivered by Representative Jack Kemp of New York on July 15, 1980. "There is a tidal wave coming," he said, "a political tidal wave as powerful as the one that hit in 1932, when an era of Republican dominance gave way to the New Deal." And indeed, a tidal wave rolled in. The size of Ronald Reagan's victory, and the fact that Republicans surprisingly captured control of the Senate, made Democrats afraid that some historic shift had indeed occurred—and helped give the new President an unusually free hand for two years to put his "New Beginning" into effect.

The Republicans were going to turn America around "by restoring opportunity through economic growth." Mr. Kemp said—and Mr. Reagan believed—that "we can have full employment without inflation, a rising standard of living, and a strong defense." Mr. Reagan said on the stump that the country could have a 30 percent tax cut, a balanced budget, and substantial defense increases—all without cutting existing domestic spending except for 2 percent worth of "waste, fraud, and abuse." Jimmy Carter and John Anderson warned that this was impossible, but the public could not resist the lure of a four-course free lunch.

America now has tasted the Reagan meal and has found it indigestible. The new Administration had not even taken office before its budget director, David Stockman, announced that a bit more than "waste, fraud, and abuse" would have to be cut from the federal budget. More than $40 billion in cuts would be necessary, said the Republicans, and true to their heritage (if not to their campaign promises) they hit almost exclusively at programs designed to help the poor—food stamps, school lunches, minimum Social Security benefits, AFDC—while the rich were treated to tax cuts and expansion of existing tax loopholes. And Mr. Stockman's famous interview in *The Atlantic* made it clear that the new Administration had understood from the beginning that supply-side economics was nothing but "trickle-down" economics in disguise.

Not only has Reaganomics been grotesquely unfair; it hasn't worked. Mr. Reagan's "New Beginning" has proved to be a blind alley leading to a dead end. Inflation is down, but do we have full employment? Taxes have been cut, but do we have a rising standard of living? Domestic programs have been slashed, but do we have a balanced budget? Billions have been poured into weapons programs, but do we have stronger defense? In fact, inflation is down because we are in a recession and because food and oil are plentiful. Unemployment is at its highest point since the Depression. Tax cuts have led to no new investment; on the contrary, they have created huge federal deficits and higher interest rates that have discouraged investment. Balanced budgets? The accumulated deficits for the Reagan years now figure to exceed the total since the founding of the Republic.

And a strong defense? Mr. Reagan has increased Pentagon spending and has resolved to go ahead with weapons programs that Mr. Carter had abandoned, such as the B-1 bomber. But it is hard to say that national security has improved. The Administration's budget increases have been so exorbitant, so precipitous, and so controversial that the consensus for greater defense outlays is already dissipating, and whatever gains have been made in hardware have been lost politically. The allies simply do not trust Mr. Reagan's judgment and will not follow his lead. Mr. Reagan asks European workers to bear the burden of his anti-Soviet foreign policy while he curries favor with American farmers by permitting them to sell the Soviets more grain. The Administration's wild talk about the feasibility of nuclear war has strengthened European neutralism. And Administration-encouraged high interest rates have weakened the whole Western economic system.

With such a record, could one possibly urge the

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American people to "stay the course," as President Reagan is doing? Only if there were some prospect that things will get better—and there is no such prospect. Tax revenues are to decline still more. Deficits will grow, and interest rates—if a Depression does not occur to keep them down—are likely to remain high. There is no prospect for a healthy recovery.

It's clear now that Jack Kemp was wrong in predicting that 1980 was another 1932, a so-called "realigning" election when party dominance changes hands. Instead, 1980 was a try-out election, and Ronald Reagan has flopped. The Gallup poll for September showed Reagan's approval rating at 42 percent, the same as Jimmy Carter's four years before. The ABC-*Washington Post* poll shows that the public thinks Democrats are fairer and better able to control government spending, hold down taxes, reduce unemployment, provide honest government, and keep the country out of war.

The only question that remains—and there is considerable disagreement on the point—is how big the Democratic victory on November 2 will be. Democrats want to dampen expectations; Republicans want to prevent panic. Both sides, as a result, are predicting Democratic gains in the normal range—that is, the 12 to 15 House seats the out party usually gets in a new President's first off-year election. On the other hand, some observers smell a huge Democratic victory coming, in the range of 30 to 40 seats.

We hope that these latter analysts are correct. Ronald Reagan deserves—and the country needs—a tidal wave heading in the other direction this year. It's imperative to end the Reagan ideological majority in the House, which will require Democratic gains of at least twenty seats. The greater the Democratic edge, the more leverage liberals will have to force the Administration to do what needs to be done to bring the economy out of the doldrums—such as repairing America's infrastructure and giving jobs to thousands of unemployed workers. The Administration will call this make-work, but it is not. It is work that needs to be done and there are eleven million Americans who are ready to do it.

The House

We hope that the operative rule for voters will be: when in doubt, vote Democratic. In several races, where there's no doubt about who is the better candidate, there is doubt, unfortunately, about who will win. In these, we urge a special effort. They are:

Massachusetts, 4th District: Independent, liberal, honest, funny, and wise, Representative Barney Frank was thrown into a new district with Representative Margaret Heckler. Usually a moderate, Heckler has turned into a McCarthyite banshee in this race, impugning Frank's character and morals. Frank, one of the Democratic Party's most imaginative young thinkers, deserves to win.

Mississippi, 2nd District: Robert Clark is a veteran state legislator once shunned and denied the right to speak because of his color. We hope he will be elected the first black Representative from Mississippi since Reconstruction. His opponent, Webb Franklin, is a routine reactionary.

Illinois, 18th District: One certain way to send a message that Reaganomics has failed would be to unseat the Republican House leader, Robert Michel. Douglas Stephens has pulled almost even by hammering at the No. 1 issue this year in Peoria and everywhere else: unemployment.

Illinois, 20th District: Republican Representative Paul Findley is one of America's foremost straight men for Yasir Arafat of the PLO. Democrat Richard Durbin has the economic issue, redrawn district boundaries, and united Democratic support going for him.

In several other races, there is an opportunity to oust notorious right-wingers who persistently nudge the Republican Party toward the fringe. Redistricting shoved former John Birch Society leader John Rousselot into the same Hispanic-majority California district with Representative Marty Martinez. In Alabama's 6th District, Moral Majority fire-eater Albert Lee Smith is opposed by Democrat Ben Erdreich, who has a strong chance of winning. In Idaho's 2nd, right-wing Republican George Hansen is in deep trouble over reports that he got loans from silver speculator Nelson Bunker Hunt. In New York's 5th, Arnie Miller, a feisty, experienced liberal, has a chance to upset the incumbent, a forgettable machine Republican named Ray McGrath. In New York's 3rd, loudmouth conservative Republican John LeBoutillier, 29, is under heavy challenge from Suffolk County legislator Bob Mrazek.

The Senate

If this election is a referendum on Reaganism, then tidal wave repudiation of Republican programs requires restoration of Senate control to the Democratic Party. The balance now is 54 Republicans and 46 Democrats. Of the 33 races this year, only 13 involve seats now held by Republicans while 20 are Democratic seats. Democrats need to score a net gain of five seats to recapture control. There is the odd Democrat whose defeat would not pain us greatly were he opposed by a highly qualified moderate Republican. For example, Mississippi's John Stennis has an appalling record—but a more appalling opponent. John Melcher of Montana and Howard Cannon of Nevada have mediocre records. But their Republican opponents, Larry Williams and Chic Hecht, are darlings of NCPAC. Enough said.

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It's a mark of how much the political situation has changed that the 16 other Democratic incumbents up this year appear to be secure. The Republican Party and its monied auxiliaries, the ideological and corporate political action committees, once thought they had ripe targets in George Mitchell in Maine, Paul Sarbanes in Maryland, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan in New York, but they are out of danger. What the right will do in desperation is evident in Tennessee, where Republican Robin Beard is running ads in which a Fidel Castro look-alike thanks incumbent Democratic Senator Jim Sasser for foreign aid. An ugly lie.

The Virginia seat being vacated by Harry Byrd (who voted with Democrats on Senate organization and with Republicans on everything else) deserves to go to Democratic Lieutenant Governor Richard Davis, a moderate liberal, who is being opposed by a slick young conservative Representative, Paul Trible, 35, who is an ardent backer of President Reagan.

If all current Democratic seats are held, then five Republican seats have to switch for Democrats to take control. There are a few attractive Republicans running this year. Foremost among these is Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, who has repeatedly demonstrated his independence on issues of conscience—Watergate, civil liberties, and, lately, the efforts of the far right to curb the jurisdiction of the federal courts in school desegregation and school prayer. It would be a shame to lose one of the sons of the wild jackass in the Senate. Yet Weicker has drawbacks that his Democratic opponent, Representative Toby Moffett, does not. In 1981 Weicker voted with his party to set the Reagan revolution in motion. Moffett would have opposed it. Furthermore, there are occasions when Weicker's independence crosses the line into ornery quirkiness, impairing his ability to get legislation passed. Moffett has proved a pragmatic liberal and we favor his election.

In New Jersey we confess some attraction to Lacey Davenport, the pipe-smoking, liberal Republican Representative who stars in Garry Trudeau's comic strip, Doonesbury. We might actually endorse Lacey against Democrat Frank Lautenberg, but Lacey is not running. Millicent Fenwick is, and while she is classy, smokes a pipe, and acts like a liberal on social issues, she also helped Reagan when it counted, back in 1981. Lautenberg, meanwhile, is that rare commodity, an entrepreneur (he founded a computer company) who stayed a progressive. Millicent Fenwick backed President Reagan's proposed constitutional amendment to balance the federal budget when she faced a right-wing opponent in the Republican Party, and then withdrew her support. Lacey Davenport would never have done that, and neither would Frank Lautenberg.

In California, Jerry Brown is having to come from unusually far behind this year. Each time he seems at last to have developed into a fully mature political leader, he pulls a stunt like the mushroom cloud ads he's been running on television, implying that a vote for his opponent, Pete Wilson, is a vote for nuclear war. It's a sleazy ad, but Brown is too interesting, too intelligent, and too innovative to pass up. California voters should send him to Washington. He is a true original.

Because Reaganomics is in increasingly foul odor with Americans, other Republican incumbents are in trouble. In each case, they deserve to be, and we hope that their states will elect their Democratic opponents: Mark Dayton in Minnesota (in spite of his nearly obscene campaign spending), David Levinson in Delaware, Julius Michaelson in Rhode Island, James Guest in Vermont, Floyd Fithian in Indiana, Harriett Woods in Missouri, Jeff Bingaman in New Mexico, and Ted Wilson in Utah.

The Governors

There is not a single one of the 36 governors' races occurring this year in which the Republican is obviously superior to the Democrat. And there are several states in which election of the Democratic candidate—and defeat of the Republican—is especially important. New York is at the top of the list. Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo is a valiant, honest liberal who has sustained his beliefs—his opposition to the death penalty, his support for aid to the poor—even when it was politically unpopular. His opponent, Lewis Lehrman, is a supply-side extremist who favors "deregulation of labor," which seems to mean that every person should bargain for his wages by himself.

In Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin unemployment is high and chronic. Each needs a new dedication to economic development, research, and education, and each has a Democratic candidate who is pledged to provide that dedication—and also make his state a laboratory for the kind of new Democratic programs that the party should offer to the country nationally in 1984. Although colorless and unassertive as a Senator, Illinois' Adlai Stevenson III has long understood the need for an industrial policy to deal with foreign competition. Ohio's Dick Celeste, Michigan's James Blanchard, and Wisconsin's Anthony Earl are attuned to the same imperatives.

There are other special cases, too. Tom Bradley of California would be the nation's first black governor and would be a solid one. In New Mexico, Toney Anaya would be the first Hispanic governor. The Democratic hopeful in Nebraska, thirty-nine-year-old Medal of Honor winner Bob Kerrey, has great national potential. Lately it's also become possible to secure Democratic victories in states where it seemed impossible not too long ago, including Iowa, Oregon, and even Pennsylvania.

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Governors elected in 1982 have difficult tasks to carry out. The burdens of Reaganomics—budget cutbacks, unemployment, "new federalism"—fall heavily on the states. It's important that Democrats become governors in large numbers this year, both to show that Democrats can cope with those problems and to ready the powers of incumbency to oust the Republicans from the White House in 1984.

NOTEBOOK

□ HUMAN RIGHTS WAS PROMINENT on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* when Charlotte Curtis edited it. The page was generally what they used to call "progressive"; the victims of the banana republics and of Reaganomics were frequently there. The Administration, however, has devised the perfect weapon against progressives: parties. It now appears that there is no idea that can withstand an invitation, particularly an invitation to the White House. And so we have Charlotte Curtis's column of October 19, a star-struck account of the state dinner for the Suhartos, in which we learn that "even in harsh lights" Nancy Reagan looks "natural and ladylike," despite her modest make-up. The column concludes: "Guests went down the marble stairs and into the starry night. Pickets still marched their protest against Indonesia's seizure of East Timor. 'What a lovely dinner,' President Suharto said on the way to his hotel. 'And the flowers were beautiful,' Mrs. Suharto agreed." Now 100,000 people died in a famine in East Timor in 1975-1976, after Indonesia seized the territory, and many others wait to die in Indonesian dungeons. This makes Mrs. Curtis's column a textbook case of fascist chic. It represents the social obliteration of moral and political differences. The First Lady's idea of party politics is working well. What the distinction between authoritarianism and totalitarianism cannot do, molded pear sherbet topped by pears dipped in chocolate can.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Recent rumors report that Hollywood, so long bankrupt in all other respects, is now financially bankrupt as well and that the industry which has spent so many years in its infancy may die even before the age of puberty. If the present state of Hollywood is an indication, rumor seems to be right. There will be very little mourning. In the studios dazed incredulity takes turn about with frenzied activity in any wrong direction. Hollywood drifts to its doom very much, one feels, as the aristocrats of old St. Petersburg drifted to theirs, despairingly, but unable to grasp the facts." ("Hollywood on the Slide," by Sidney Howard, November 9, 1932.)

The 1982 campaign: California.

BLACK AND BROWN

San Francisco

DEFENSE BUDGETS, federal deficits, and a bozo stock market have degraded values some, but a million dollars is still a lot of money, and there are a number of offices in Sacramento that will cost that much to fill this year. Spending for at least two seats in the state legislature went over a million for the primary alone—one the result of Tom Hayden's unusual ability to raise money, the other a fraticidal battle between Democratic factions. The governorship and the U.S. Senate seat will eat up more than $30 million. Total spending just for state (not federal) offices and ballot issues in 1982 will exceed $100 million.

Everyone's attention, naturally, is riveted on whether Jerry Brown will win and whether California will give the nation its first black governor (maybe not and probably so, respectively), but the enduring contribution of this year's campaign, besides gross expenditures, is the raising of the common letter to a hi-tech tool of politics. Postage, printing, and research now account for half the cost of the average California legislative race, reflecting the relative efficiency of targeted mail over television. But it's not cheap. Campaigns for the state's lower house, the Assembly, have loaded the letter carriers with up to ten mailings this year, at $15,000 to $30,000 a pop. Even more important than cost is the merging of the postage stamp and the computer. Loaded with the proper research, the standard campaign can be certain that the individual laser-printed document is aimed like a smart bomb. The Jewish-surnamed, over-50, property-owning voter who works in entertainment gets a substantially different piece of mail than the guy in the next apartment who is Irish, younger, and employed in retail law. In other words, the primary political communications in the state are now conducted in private. Candidates can be all things to all people without getting nailed for it. This is scarcely an improvement over even the most ridiculous television spot.

The big statewide races remain relatively close. Pete Wilson, the boyish and businesslike Mayor of San Diego, traded first place in the polls with Jerry Brown, leading him slightly as the World Series began. The betting line, however, is still even. Brown is a remarkable politician; he's so resilient that he uses catastrophe as a trampoline. He began his Senate campaign 22 points behind. He was the focus of 100 percent name recognition, more than half of it negative, as the pollsters say. Yet he recovered and even nosed ahead of Wilson at one point in the campaign.

Brown has nearly always been somewhat unpopular in his home state, if only because he pushes the limits

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of acceptable political behavior pretty hard. (His personal behavior does not seem as noteworthy here as it seems to be in the rest of the country, but, for the record, the *Los Angeles Times* says he's seeing Ronstadt again.) Active hostility toward Brown was increased by his ill-conceived Presidential campaign and the apparent mismangement of some state affairs, including Medfly, a pest invasion that cost a lot of time and money to whip. He has traditionally handled the negatives by putting his political opposition on the defensive. This time the process included a TV spot stunningly like the one Lyndon Johnson used against Barry Goldwater in 1964: a nuclear cloud and a voice-over suggesting that a vote for Pete Wilson is a vote for annihilation. Actually, Wilson is quite a reasonable fellow with a respectable and solid record in public office, including eleven years as Mayor of San Diego. If he has adopted the Administration's position on disarmament, it is because it would be suicidal to take on Reagan from within the California Republican Party. A Democratic member of Congress said in the campaign's final month that Brown's negatives are so powerful that how he does in the vote will depend only on Wilson, and Wilson may, in fact, be the next occupant of the Senate seat now filled by S. I. Hayakawa. But no one ever got rich betting against Jerry Brown in an election.

FOR GOVERNOR, the odds favor Tom Bradley, the Mayor of Los Angeles. In years of televised presence in the huge L.A. area, he has convinced citizens that he is calm, competent, mostly moderate, and definitely not scary; he has probably defused the fear of him as black. The campaign of George Deukmejian, the state Attorney General who opposes him, has not taken off, and Bradley leads in a somewhat boring race. In any case, Californians have been electing nonwhites to statewide office for some time. Wilson Riles, the superintendent of public transportation, is serving his third term. Mervyn Dymally, now a member of Congress, was Lieutenant Governor in Brown's first term, and March Fong Eu keeps getting reelected Secretary of State.

The race issue did come up this time, in the kind of scandal that reporters, at least, enjoy. Deukmejian's manager, a man named Bill Roberts whose history includes the first Reagan campaigns, said out loud that there is a hidden anti-black vote of at least 5 percent. There was an uproar and Roberts was fired for impropriety. He was, of course, only telling the truth—although there is dispute about the numbers. Pollster Steve Teichner concluded that the net anti-black vote is 2 percent. Tony Coelho, the Congressman and political whiz, says the Roberts remark will actually draw the guilty liberals to the polls for Bradley. Bradley, who has had experience with genuinely racist campaigning in the past, maintains that this election is clean. Nevertheless, the Roberts affair was probably the peak of excitement in the race, which virtually defines the term "lackluster."

Tom Hayden will probably get elected to a two-year term as assemblyman from Santa Monica in a race whose total cost will approach and possibly pass $2 million. But even with Tom and Jane bouncing around the corridors, the statehouse will be a dull place without Jerry Brown.

TOM DEVRIES

Tom DeVries is a reporter and television producer.

The 1982 campaign: Massachusetts.

BARNEY, MICHAEL, & TED

Boston

MASSACHUSETTS offers an uplifting, exemplary story about the resurgence of liberalism—every kind of liberalism, and there's the rub. Whatever your taste—be it economic populism or Atari democracy or Great Man messianism—you will find vindication for your point of view this November here in the cradle of liberty.

The liberal as liberal. With Reagan in the White House, some say, the only winning formula is no-apologies economic liberalism. Barney Frank nicely proves the case. Representative Frank, of course, is the brightest new face of the 97th Congress (see "Frank Liberalism," by Emily Yoffe, TNR, July 4 & 11, 1981). He is also the ultimate outsider in Massachusetts. His dropped terminal *r*'s are New Jersey *r*'s, not Boston ones. He fits the ingrown Irish and Italian world of Massachusetts Democratic politics about as smoothly as E.T. blended into Southern California. He does, however, have something of E.T.'s indefinable charm.

When the Bay State lost a Congressional seat in the 1980 Census, both parties in the state legislature were pleased to make Frank even more of an outsider. They carved up his old district, which was already marginal, and threw him in with Representative Margaret Heckler, a popular, well-entrenched Republican moderate. Seventy percent of the new district is Peggy Heckler country—Republican suburbs and small towns.

Yet Frank has miraculously closed a 20-point gap, and now holds a razor-thin lead in the polls. He has done it by running as an unashamed liberal and wrapping Reaganomics around Heckler. She has struck back by hammering at social issues, depicting Frank as soft on pornography and prostitution. (As a state representative, Frank once sponsored a bill permitting

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sexual commerce in a downtown "combat zone.") But Heckler doesn't come across very well as Jesse Helms. Her attacks on Frank seem out of character. They have boosted Frank's negative ratings only marginally—and have increased her own a bit, too. *The Boston Globe* characterized her campaign as "political pornography." Frank raised an extra hundred thousand dollars thanks to the Heckler attacks, and his latest TV spot features a horsey Republican ex-legislator named Ann Gannett (our Lacey Davenport) purring about Bahney's integrity. If the center holds and the Dow stays below 1,200, Frank could squeak through.

Moral: paleo-liberalism is the best liberalism, the New Right is a paper tiger, and Atari is a video game.

But not so fast. Consider Michael Dukakis.

The liberal as technician. What is now called neoliberalism was virtually invented by Governor Michael Dukakis in his first term (1974 to 1978). Dukakis stressed development of high-technology industries; he creatively used the structural levers of the state rather than its fiscal powers; he tightened public spending before it was fashionable. Unfortunately, liberals did not appreciate his cuts in human services, and business groups found in Edward King a candidate who offered the quid without the quo. In the 1978 Democratic primary, Dukakis fell to King.

King, however, made the mistake of appointing too many imposters and thugs to office. (His mass transit chief is in prison.) He also became fatally identified with President Reagan. In a well-orchestrated rematch, Dukakis ran a guarded campaign stressing his honesty and his formidable skills as a manager. Despite cries from his more liberal advisers that he was blowing his big lead by failing to stand for anything, Dukakis beat King handily, scoring his most impressive gains in blue-collar areas.

DUKAKIS now has the pleasure of running against one of the weakest Republican candidates in decades, John Sears. Sears is a genuine eccentric, an independently wealthy Yankee and perennial holder of minor elective offices. He has been called the Frank Perdue of Massachusetts and he's too far behind to raise serious money. Dukakis is more relaxed than anybody has ever seen him, and the polls show him 35 points ahead.

By all indications, Dukakis's second term will be much like his first, but with more overtures to business. "Rapprochement" is a very big word around Dukakis headquarters. So are "grand coalition," "management," and "economic development." In his first term, Dukakis appointed feisty, Nader-like regulatory commissioners, notably Carol Greenwald as banking commissioner and James Stone as insurance regulator. In this campaign, he goes out of his way to declare that "the age of confrontation is over."

Moral: neoliberalism pays. Dukakis will win big: bigger than Cuomo, bigger than Bradley, bigger than Celeste—almost as big as Ted Kennedy.

The liberal as legend. There's only one Ted Kennedy story this year, and it is the story of his awesome TV ads. The one-minute spots offer a convincing list of what Kennedy has done for Massachusetts. They feature very believable, real people—a fisherman grateful for the 200-mile limit, a widow grateful that her Social Security check is intact, a machinist grateful for the F-18 contract—and the tag line is always "Senator Kennedy, thank you." We even have Boris Katz, the refusenik on whose behalf Kennedy intervened personally with Leonid Brezhnev, thanking the Senator in heavily accented English "for a new life."

Then there are the five-minute spots, which raise campaign advertising to a new level of artistry. Los Angeles media man Michael Kaye shot many hours of cinema verité with ordinary people and family retainers alike whose lives had been touched by the compassion and generosity of Senator Kennedy. It comes across like documentary, and the stories they tell are convincing. A priest recounts the time Kennedy stopped in to visit with the parents of a terminally ill child, and how they sat across the kitchen table over coffee and cookies discussing each family's tragedies while aides tore up Kennedy's schedule. A neighbor who disagrees with Kennedy on politics ("You can edit this part out," he says in an aside the spot shrewdly leaves in) marvels at his commitment to "human life," a usefully ironic phrase. Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, Bobby Kennedy's daughter, tells how her uncle Ted came to the house on her wedding day, picked her up, walked her down the aisle to give her away, sang songs at the reception. And how she found out accidentally that this was the day young Teddy had his cancerous leg amputated. A nurse who treated the Kennedy son says, "I don't know how he finds the time to do so many kind things for people. . . ." The ads are utterly disarming. Kennedy himself doesn't even appear in them—how could he live up to the portrait they paint?

Taken together, the ads reinforce the image of specialness, of legend. Kennedys are not like you and me. Their tragedies are deeper, their sins more searing, their compassion boundless. These ads have been described as a dry run on the "character issue" for 1984, which they surely are. Boston television reaches better than half the voters of New Hampshire, and Kennedy people are conducting before and after polls up there as well as in Massachusetts.

Moral: if liberalism is anything, it's personal compassion writ larger than life. Moral of all three stories for 1984: not clear, unless the Democrats can find a hi-tech (but traditional), charismatic (but managerial) liberal who thinks that ideological neatness isn't everything.

BOB KUTTNER

Bob Kuttner is editor of *Working Papers*.

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The 1982 campaign: New York.

LEW'S LABORS LOST

New York City

LEW LEHRMAN, the Republican candidate for Governor, stepped up to the podium on the left. His Democratic opponent, Mario Cuomo, took a sip of water and held out the glass. Lehrman accepted the glass. As he drank, his hand trembled. He handed the glass back to Cuomo. The communion completed, Cuomo took his place at the podium on the right. The two candidates gazed out at the nine hundred or so people assembled in this ballroom in Manhattan for the first debate of the campaign.

Six months before, few people in this room had heard of Lew Lehrman. Then came almost $8 million in television commercials. They presented Lew Lehrman as the financial genius who had founded Rite-Aid drug stores, the supply-side populist who believed Reagan had not gone far enough, the tough guy who would bring back the electric chair. Soon Lew Lehrman was as well known as the Maytag Man.

During the primary, Lehrman's conquest by video reminded some people of the campaign that put a little-known Congressman named Ed Koch into City Hall in 1977. That year, Koch defeated a Queens lawyer named Mario Cuomo. The big issue in that campaign had been capital punishment, and Cuomo had come across as a man who was too weak to do what the people demanded. At Brighton Beach in Brooklyn, he had reminded a primarily Jewish crowd that Israel did not have the death penalty. An elderly woman had said, "Yeah, but Israel doesn't have *shvartzes*."

Because both Koch and the electric chair seemed to have grown even more popular since 1977, Cuomo's decision to run for Governor made some people think he had turned suicidal. Cuomo went back to Brighton Beach and said he was still against the death penalty. This time a woman came up to him and said, "I still disagree with you, but I respect you for coming here to tell us." Cuomo now came across as a guy who had taken a beating in 1977 and had the guts to come back saying the same thing.

And so a man who had spent a paltry (for New York) $1.7 million in the primary, a man whose idea of a commercial was a head shot of himself expounding liberal notions, came from 25 points behind to defeat Ed Koch. How Cuomo would fare against Lew Lehrman started to become clear in the first few days after the primary. Lehrman accused Cuomo of being "a fast-talking lawyer." Across town, Cuomo answered, "I will speak *v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y* so he can understand everything I say." Lehrman claimed that he, not Cuomo, represented the true feelings of the state's Italian-Americans. Cuomo was asked what he thought about that. He said, "*Non ci credo.*" This means, "I don't believe it."

Now, after jousting over the airwaves and in the newspapers for a week, the two candidates began their first debate. Cuomo went first. He gave a short, relaxed opening statement, and asked Lehrman to explain some of the positions he had taken in the television commercials. These included Lehrman's promise to review personally the budget of each state agency. Cuomo computed that, at a rate of $1 million an hour, this would take three years.

Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, Lehrman wiped the sweat from his forehead. He glanced at Cuomo and launched into an opening statement that appeared to be memorized. One of Lehrman's aides is a former speechwriter for Robert Kennedy named Adam Walinsky, and Lehrman sounded like R.F.K. come back to life as a conservative Republican. Lehrman said, "I look not into the past." He spoke of neighborhoods that have been "turned into vicious killing grounds." He said, "Where there is no vision, the people perish. Who, I ask, will start a business, expand a business, bring new jobs and businesses into our forlorn boroughs?" At the end of the statement, Lehrman gripped the podium with both hands and eased his shoulders back. If it had ended there, the way it would in a television commercial, Lehrman would have been magnificent. But, a few feet away stood Mario Cuomo, who now gave the first indication of what was to come. Cuomo said, "You say, Lew, who would come to our boroughs? Rite-Aid would and did, and made a whole lot of money. That's who would come."

THE DEBATE turned to the economy. Cuomo tagged Lehrman as a father of Reaganomics. Lehrman said federal policies were not an issue in a state campaign. Lehrman said, "Mario, I don't want to confuse you with the facts." Cuomo said, "You don't have enough facts to confuse me, Lew." Lehrman came back and implied that Cuomo was beholden to the leaders of the public unions. Lehrman said, "Do we want to turn over the state to the same people who broke the back of the city?" Cuomo said, "I am beholden to three million working people in this state. Who are you beholden to, Lew? The people who gave you money."

By then, Lehrman's voice had become almost shrill. He threw out more phrases that had worked so well on television, in speeches, and on brochures. Cuomo came back with sharp one-liners and sustained recitations of his record. At one point, Lehrman apparently thought that Cuomo had gone on too long, and he made a point of taking out his gold pocket watch. Cuomo said, "That's a very expensive watch, Lew." Lehrman put his watch away and said, "You had ten minutes, just give me one." Cuomo said, "It just seemed like ten minutes, Lew."

Again and again, Lehrman blotted the sweat with his handkerchief. Cuomo made a closing statement,

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saying, "This is a contest between experience money can't buy and the exposure money can buy." Lehrman stood with his hands on his hips. He took a deep breath and grabbed the podium. As he began his closing statement, his voice regained some of the self-assured tone it had at the beginning of the debate. He spoke of himself as a "good shepherd" who marched "to a different drummer." He promised to "take the handcuffs off the police and put them on the criminals, where they belong." He proposed to "reaffirm life" with capital punishment.

Over the days that followed, Cuomo's victory at the debate was part of the small talk in the city. The line about Lehrman's watch seemed to be well received. More Lehrman commercials came on the television, showing an earnest, confident candidate who looked very different from the rattled man who had sweated at the podium. On TV, Lehrman proposed tax cuts and the death penalty and everything else the polls say the people of New York want. On the streets, Mario Cuomo called the tax cut unrealistic and termed the death penalty immoral and said other things no politician should say. And the polls said the election was too close to call.

MICHAEL DALY

Michael Daly writes for *New York* magazine.

The 1982 campaign: the Heartland.

GOVERNORS FOR GRABS

RICHARD HEADLEE, the poetry-spouting Mormon who is the Republican nominee for Governor of Michigan, has devastated his Democratic foe, Representative Jim Blanchard, in face-to-face debates. Headlee, an insurance executive, is witty, glib, relaxed but assertive; Blanchard is hesitant, humorless, ill-at-ease, boyish-looking. Headlee's grass-roots appeal has been apparent ever since the glittering success of his tax limitation referendum in 1978. And he is not stuck with defending the thirteen-year record of retiring Republican Governor William Milliken, during whose tenure the state's economy slid into a depression. Headlee has his own program, his own issues. Yet Blanchard, who wasn't the first choice of Democratic leaders for Governor (Representative William Brodhead was), is a prohibitive favorite in the race. So goes the Democratic tilt in the governors' contests this year.

Democrats aren't likely to regain control of the Senate, and their gains in the House may be modest, but governorships (now 27 to 23 Democratic) appear to be a sure growth area. Bill Clinton, a former Governor, may oust Republican Governor Frank White in Arkansas. Richard Bryan, the Democratic state Attorney General, is expected to unseat Republican Governor Robert List in Nevada. Ted Kulongoski, a liberal state senator, has a 50-50 chance of toppling colorless Governor Victor Atiyeh in Oregon. Even better for Democrats, Mark White, the state Attorney General, could defeat Governor William Clements in Texas.

THESE would be bonus gains. The more certain pickups are in the industrial belt, that swath of economic gloom from Pennsylvania to Minnesota. Five Republican governors are stepping down in the region; Democrats are solidly favored to replace three of them and have a reasonable chance of succeeding the other two. Start with Michigan, where the unemployment rate is slouching toward 16 percent. Democrats haven't held the Governor's office since 1962, when Republican George Romney won, and they are hungry. Last winter, party leaders anointed Blanchard as their unity candidate for Governor, and he won an impressive victory over six foes in the primary. His lead over Headlee in polls has ranged from 10 to 22 percentage points. But Blanchard isn't taking Headlee lightly, if only because he can't figure out what he is up to in extolling tax cuts and unbridled entrepreneurs in a state where Reaganomics is less than sacred. Headlee sounds more like Reagan than the President does these days. People "will find out about this great program that is working," he told a group of realtors recently, citing the dip in inflation and interest rates. "It's called Reaganomics but I call it common sense. . . . The biggest problem in Michigan is its government." If this appeal works in Michigan in 1982, Democrats are in a lot more trouble than they ever dreamed.

Joblessness isn't quite as bad in Minnesota, but Governor Albert Quie, a nice-guy Republican, got caught in a budget crisis and his popularity all but vanished. Democrats, crushed in the Republican sweep in 1978, began envisioning a dramatic comeback, led by liberal Warren Spannaus, the state Attorney General. Only Spannaus was defeated by Rudy Perpich, the populist, quirky ex-Governor (Quie beat him four years ago). Some liberals are uncomfortable with Perpich, a dentist, but he jumped to a quick 56 to 38 percent lead over moderate Republican Wheelock Whitney in the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* poll in late September. Perpich is sitting on his lead, saying as little as possible on issues for fear of riling some Democratic faction. Whitney, the polo-playing owner of a prosperous brokerage house, has one hope of dissolving Perpich's lead—television. He is the quintessential media candidate, stumping lightly and throwing $1 million or more of his own money into TV spots that proclaim him "a Governor who can manage." To win, he must secure a sizable chunk of the

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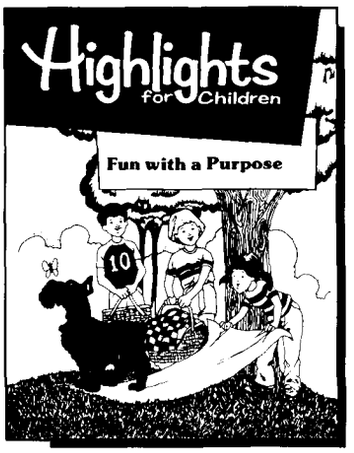

Give favorite children the gift that will help develop intellect...

and start them on a lifetime journey of learning.

This year give favorite youngsters the one magazine that is both loved and respected throughout the world: HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN. With the help of this truly unique gift, you have a chance to spark the most important natural asset a child owns — creative intelligence.

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Highlights appeals to a wide age range: from tots of two who love to listen to its stories and do the simple preparation-for-reading exercises within its pages . . . to 12 year-olds who find the biographies and science articles prime sources for school reports. Highlights helps children develop positive habits that will benefit them as long as they live. The fun-with-a-purpose concept helps children experience success — at home and in school.

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For a relatively small price, Highlights brings your love and remembrance to children you treasure . . . not just at Christmas, but all through the year. The contribution HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN can make to a child's development, however, as it reinforces reading as a pathway to pleasure and information, is a gift that will last a lifetime.

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address *apt. no.*

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Sign gift card "from _____"

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•• JC-P

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your name

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address, if different from child's *apt. no.*

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$_____ is enclosed for _____ gifts.

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Democratic vote, which is unlikely but not wholly inconceivable.

In Ohio, the race to succeed Republican Governor James Rhodes, who is barred from running after two consecutive terms, has been static for weeks, with Democrat Richard Celeste holding a comfortable lead. Republicans have been disappointed in their wait for Celeste (director of the Peace Corps under President Carter) to blunder. This was Rhodes's strategy in 1978, when he defeated Celeste. "Lay in the bushes," Rhodes told aides. "Celeste will do something wrong, and we'll win." Celeste did, first promising to produce a tax increase to finance schools, then retreating. This time, Republican Clarence Brown, a veteran conservative Congressman, has committed the gaffes. In an apparent joke, Brown recently told a female reporter, "Step in my salon and take off your clothes." The remark drew considerable press attention, including a huffy editorial in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

IN IOWA, Republican Robert Ray probably could have had another term for the asking, but he retired. After the primary, liberal Democrat Roxanne Conlin, the state Attorney General, seemed to be on the verge of locking up the race. Instead, she dropped from 10 percentage points ahead to 11 behind after releasing her tax return. It showed Conlin had paid no state tax in 1981, though she and her husband, a real estate developer, had assets of more than $2 million. She was tarred as a hypocrite for having denounced tax shelters in the primary. Republicans labeled her "Taxanne," and the tax flap endured for weeks, unsettling her campaign. Republican Terry Branstad, the right-wing Lieutenant Governor, became a strong front-runner. But Conlin began to rally in October, closing the gap to 47 to 43 percent in the *Des Moines Register* poll. Despite this momentum, in order to win she may need an infusion of money for her underfinanced campaign.

The contest in Wisconsin is less exciting. Republican Governor Lee Sherman Dreyfus is quitting after one term. At one point, Democrats felt sure they'd win the seat, with former Lieutenant Governor Martin Schreiber as their candidate. He lost in the primary to liberal Anthony Earl, an ex-state legislator. More upsetting to Democrats was the emergence of Republican Terry Kohler as a candidate who made himself credible by softening his conservative image. At best, Earl has a slender lead.

All this is the good news. The bad news is in Illinois and Pennsylvania, both dogged by persistently high unemployment. Republican James Thompson suffers a bit from Illinois's 12.3 percent joblessness, but he is a resourceful, relentless campaigner. His Democratic opponent, former Senator Adlai Stevenson III, isn't. People began tittering about him in September, after he complained that Thompson "is saying, 'me tough guy,' as if to imply I'm some kind of wimp." The comment, trifling as it was, touched upon what troubled some Democrats about Stevenson, who has never had much of a common touch. Columnists leaped on the remark, and Thompson ridiculed it. Wimp jokes flourished, such as: "What is a wimp's favorite drink? Perrier light." Thompson, troubled by a nagging corruption charge, jumped to a commanding lead.

Pennsylvania's Republican Governor Richard Thornburgh already had that kind of lead. Though joblessness is at a postwar record of 11.3 percent, he has found that unemployment not only isn't politically lethal, it isn't even very harmful. Representative Allen Ertel was the fifth choice of Democratic honchos for the gubernatorial nomination. A measure of his desperation was the charge he leveled at Mr. Thornburgh in the wake of the massacre of thirteen women and children in Wilkes-Barre by a former state prison guard. He suggested the Governor "must assume responsibility for having hired, trained, and armed this accused murderer." Even Ertel's campaign manager conceded that this was "a little much."

FRED BARNES

Fred Barnes is national political correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*.

The 1982 campaign: Missouri.

KNOCK ON WOODS

Columbia, Missouri

JOHN C. DANFORTH, the Republican Senator from Missouri, is standing for his second term, but he is running his first real race. Until last week even the most optimistic Democrats believed he would win in a walk. Two recent polls, however, indicate that state senator Harriett Woods, the liberal Democrat whose decisive primary victory stunned the party regulars who opposed her, has drawn even.

Like many Republican incumbents who find themselves suddenly vulnerable, Danforth blames his troubles on the unemployment figures. He would prefer to ignore his opponent and run on his record as a "moderate" Republican Senator. Even without the liabilities of the economy and his support of Reagan's policies, Danforth would have been forced to run hard. Woods is an effective campaigner and a very forceful platform speaker. In her six years in the state legislature she has displayed considerable legislative skill. Her most notable liberal achievement has been a nursing home reform act that was intelligently drafted and astutely

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managed. She has also worked on behalf of the elderly, middle-income home owners, and consumers. Although she is "personally opposed" to abortion, she is against its prohibition by constitutional amendment. She has staunchly if unsuccessfully fought for the ERA in Missouri. And her campaign has revivified moderate and liberal Democrats, attracting the energetic support of feminists, the state labor council, environmentalists, and groups opposing nuclear proliferation and massive increases in military spending.

To win, however, Woods must expose Danforth's real record, a costly and difficult proposition. Danforth's reputation as an independent-minded moderate is particularly frustrating to liberals who must admit that Danforth has been—for a Republican and one from Missouri at that—a conscientious and upright Senator. Moreover, neither his great wealth (he is heir to the Ralston-Purina fortune and one of the two richest men in the Senate) nor his exclusively Ivy League education (Princeton, Yale Divinity, and Yale Law) seems to generate any kind of populist hostility. Danforth's problem, and Woods's opportunity, is the disparity between appearance and voting-record reality. For despite the thoughtful manner, Danforth has quietly voted for virtually every important budget cut proposed by the Administration, and has consistently supported the transfer of resources to the military. His is not the hard conservatism of a Jesse Helms, but it is just as effective and equally devastating: Helms has voted for Reagan measures 83 percent of the time; Danforth's average is 85 percent.

In 1970, when he was Missouri's Attorney General and associate rector of Grace Episcopal Church in Jefferson City, Danforth wrote that the Christian politician has the duty of "feeding the flock," the obligation "to foster social justice and to make it possible for all people to live in a manner worthy of the children of God." Now, after six years in the Senate, he has changed the metaphor. He speaks of the voters having to decide whether to renew his contract—an image better suited to the free-market machismo of the Administration whose faithful servant he has been.

The choice facing Missouri voters is a clear one, but money may prove decisive. Danforth plans to spend at least $2 million and has been airing radio and television spots since Labor Day. The Woods campaign has been forced to live within an austere budget. If the dramatic change in the polls encourages contributions in the final days, the Woods campaign will probably reach its goal of $1 million. The question is whether the clarity of the choice can be presented for the amount of television that $1 million can buy.

RICHARD BIENVENU

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Spain's charismatic Socialist and his party.

THE FELIPE FACTOR

BY BENJAMIN MARTIN

Madrid

THE SOCIALIST TIDE continues to run strong in southern Europe, and what began in France and Greece last year now seems sure to be repeated in Spain. In all three countries the left has benefited from the failures of incumbent center-right ruling parties. But nowhere has the impact of a single Socialist leader been as decisive as in Spain. If the Spanish Socialists win on October 28, the victory will belong to their charismatic young leader, Felipe González.

Since the abortive military coup of February 23, 1981, Spain has suffered under the anemic leadership of Prime Minister Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, who has been unable to alleviate the country's dismal economic situation or to unite his decaying party, the Union of the Democratic Center (UCD), which has governed Spain since the death of Franco seven years ago. Immobilized by internal squabbling, buffeted by a succession of electoral humiliations, the UCD has disintegrated into five competing splinter parties, including one established by Adolfo Suarez, the UCD's founder and Spain's Prime Minister from 1976 to 1981. As the election campaign goes into its final days, it seems increasingly probable that for the first time since the civil war, the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party (PSOE, pronounced *psoy*) will return to power.

PSOE's phoenix-like re-emergence over the past six years would not have been possible without Felipe González, the party's 40-year-old leader, who, in the most remarkable success story of the post-Franco democratic transition, has become Spain's most popular and respected political figure. González grew up on a family dairy farm near Seville, and during his teens was active in the Young Christian Workers, a church-sponsored movement then undergoing considerable radicalization. As a student at the University of Seville, he developed a close relationship with Professor Manuel Jimenez Fernandez, who had played a major role during the 1930s in the agrarian reform programs of the Republican government. Jimenez was a Christian Democrat whose political ideas were practically indistinguishable from those of a moderate Socialist. The veteran Andalusian Socialist Alfonso Fernandez Torres, an old-fashioned Marxist of the type that flourished in Spain in the 1930s, also influenced González.

By 1966 González had begun to make a name for himself as a labor lawyer in Seville. He joined the "Renovators," a band of young PSOE members inside Spain who were on a collision course with the "Historicos," the party's aging exile leadership, then based in Toulouse, France. When the Renovators finally prevailed in 1974, Felipe González, then 32 years old, was chosen secretary general of the party, virtually by default. He was expected to keep the post only until someone more experienced could be found to replace him.

In 1976, the year after Franco's death, PSOE's membership was under ten thousand. In both size and influence it was dwarfed by the Communist Party, which over the final fifteen years of the Franco regime had come to dominate the clandestine opposition. But if PSOE had waned as an organization, its commitment to social and political democracy had remained alive in the minds of many Spaniards. And even though the Communists had repudiated their former Stalinist outlook, many remembered their repressive, pro-Soviet record during the civil war and were skeptical of their conversion to political democracy.

As the political sap began to rise again in Spain, with the first parliamentary elections of the post-Franco era set for June 1977, the skill and magnetism of Felipe González began to make a crucial difference. His powers of leadership, abetted by expert party lobbying, drew the indispensable endorsement of the Socialist International and its head, Willy Brandt, over rival Spanish parties. An indefatigable campaigner, a gifted orator, dark and handsome, González conducted a barnstorming campaign that evoked memories of John F. Kennedy. For thousands of his countrymen, Felipe, as he became universally known, promised a break with the authoritarian past and embodied the hope of a free and democratic future. On election day PSOE gained three times the votes of the Communists and almost six times as many seats in Parliament. Its five million votes came within 5 percent of matching the tally of the governing UCD.

PSOE's overnight transformation from a small, semi-clandestine movement into a political force second

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only to the government created delicate ideological and organizational problems for the party's leaders. Membership skyrocketed to a hundred thousand by 1978. The newcomers included opportunists, idealists, and ideologues emerging from years underground with rudimentary convictions consisting mostly of stale, swaggering Marxist phraseology. Few had ever experienced political life in an open society.

González understood that the fate of Spain's democratic transition, as well as the future of PSOE, depended on following a course of moderation and responsibility. A dogmatic Marxist orientation was something he opposed not only for philosophical reasons but because he believed it would condemn the Socialist movement to a sterile and marginal existence. His problem was to impress this on a membership that largely tended to regard "Marxism" as an unassailable shibboleth, and he met the challenge in a characteristic way, applying his strong sense of moral commitment instinctively, bypassing the subtle maneuvers a more experienced political leader might have employed.

In the course of a press conference in May 1978, with no advance notice to his colleagues, González blurted out his desire to eliminate the Marxist label from the party's statutes. At a turbulent party congress the following year, the delegates, many of them new to PSOE and inexperienced in practical politics, voted by a large majority to reject Felipe's recommendations and to retain the party's Marxist identity. González then stunned friends, foes, and visiting dignitaries alike by informing the assembly that he would not continue as secretary general of a party that had rejected his policies. González's resignation forced the party to choose between its ideological orthodoxy and its charismatic leader, and it unequivocally opted for Felipe. Three months later a special congress reinstalled him as secretary general and endorsed his political program, including the elimination of the Marxist qualification, by an overwhelming majority. The social democratization of the party had begun in earnest.

OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS the Felipistas have established firm control of the party, and their crackdown on the left wing, which originally accounted for a quarter of the membership, has sometimes been heavy handed. Some left-wingers quit the party on their own, but others were expelled or subjected to bureaucratic reprisals, such as being barred from office and having party branches placed under trusteeship. As prospects for national victory increased, PSOE's leaders have spent more time wooing voters who have hesitated to vote Socialist in the past because of doubts about the party's moderate stance. González and his deputy, Alfonso Guerra, carefully stage-managed the proceedings of the PSOE congress a year ago. But in their eagerness to show the country's prospective prime minister in full control of his party, they overdid it, manipulating delegate selection to exclude all but a handful of left-wingers. An outraged left withdrew from the congress en bloc, with the result that Felipista policies were endorsed by an embarrassing 99.7 percent.

But despite its occasional miscalculations, PSOE has evolved into a more mature and responsible party, and Felipe's credibility is higher than that of any other Spanish politician. Public opinion polls consistently show that his personal popularity far exceeds that of his party. Though he is not considered an intellectual heavyweight, his excellent political instincts enable him almost invariably to choose words that are right for the occasion and readily comprehended by the average person. He is admired for his honesty, and the mass media treat him with such deference that not even the most conservative newspapers dare attack him on personal grounds.

An important part of Felipe's untouchability is the fact that the day-to-day responsibilities of party leadership and parliamentary direction have been delegated to Alfonso Guerra, his intimate and fellow Sevillian. In their political pas de deux, the caustic, domineering, tough-talking Guerra plays to the party's more radical clientele while Felipe holds himself above the fray, emphasizing high-mindedness and moderation and broadening the party's electoral appeal.

NEXT TO KING JUAN CARLOS, Felipe González is the best-known Spaniard in the capitals of the world. He serves as an energetic vice president of the Socialist International. Chairman Willy Brandt has given him primary responsibility for directing the International's increasingly active role in Latin America, and it is rumored that Brandt is grooming him to be his successor. PSOE conducts a very lively international program; Felipe handles this himself.

PSOE wants Spain to join the Common Market, but finds itself somewhat at odds with many of its European sister parties on alliance issues. Party spokesmen contend that Spain gains little from its membership in NATO, and that the interests of both the Alliance and Spain would be better served through bilateral links. Thus PSOE accepts the continued presence in Spain of American military bases, though their future status is in question. The party is demanding that a recently concluded five-year agreement on the bases, which still requires parliamentary approval, be renegotiated to tighten the ban on nuclear weapons and to remove assumptions of integration into NATO. The U.S. opposes renegotiation.

The controversy over Spanish membership in NATO has put González in an uncomfortable position. He had pledged to have the issue decided by popular referendum, and in such a vote most Spaniards would probably favor withdrawal. González understands the political difficulties this would create for a newly installed Socialist government, both with the allies and with Spain's own military, whose allegiance to

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democracy remains ambiguous. He has said that, once in office, his government would impose a "freeze" during which Spain would neither withdraw nor proceed with military integration into the Alliance.

Spain's historical pro-Arab tilt originated in the 1940s, when the Franco regime sought to overcome its international pariah status by seeking allies in the Arab world. The policy has been kept alive by the need to forestall Moroccan designs on the Spanish enclaves of Ceuta and Melilla, and by Spain's heavy dependence on Middle East oil supplies. González could be expected to retain this fundamental orientation with certain modifications.

Spain remains the only Western European nation not to have accorded diplomatic recognition to Israel. The Socialists, however, are committed to the recognition of Israel "at an appropriate point in international developments." The Socialist International is divided over the establishment of an independent Palestinian state; PSOE is among those who favor one. Initially, the Spaniards even favored the Austrian party's proposal to expel the Israeli Labor Party from the International for its approval of the Lebanese invasion, but later changed their minds.

THE SOCIALIST INTERNATIONAL'S rising influence in Latin America has partly been the result of González's efforts in support of human rights and democratic movements. He has spent considerable time in the area, establishing solid relations with many key figures, including Fidel Castro, José Lopez Portillo of Mexico, Belisario Betancur of Colombia, Carlos Andres Perez of Venezuela, and Guillermo Ungo of the Salvadoran Revolutionary Democratic Front. Once an enthusiastic supporter of the Sandinista government of Nicaragua, González has grown disillusioned with the regime, and views Eden Pastora's opposition movement with increasing sympathy.

Prior to the rightist victory in the Salvadoran elections, González worked hard toward a peaceful resolution of the conflict. The efforts of the Carter Administration to seek a negotiated settlement foundered, in his view, because the guerrillas and Castro were convinced that victory could be gained through military means. Since the guerrilla offensive failed, González says, Castro has developed a genuine fear of a U.S. invasion of Cuba and has therefore counseled Managua and the Salvadoran guerrillas to follow a more moderate course. González believes that if the Reagan Administration can be turned from military responses to Central American conflicts, there is hope for peaceful settlements in the area. As Prime Minister of Spain, he will be likely to play an even more visible role in pursuit of this goal.

Domestically, González and his party feel they have no choice but to follow an even milder reformist course than those taken by PSOE's French and Greek counterparts. A major target for overhauling will be the bureaucratic machinery still mostly intact since Franco's death. Most of it is notoriously overmanned, inefficient, and archaic in both structure and attitude. But the biggest challenge is a stagnant, almost zero-growth economy. Unemployment is 16 percent, the highest in Europe, and nearly a million Spanish workers have exhausted their unemployment benefits. Against this economic background, González is trying not to promise too much. A PSOE government would do some tinkering with incomes policy, and increased social spending may alleviate the situation for a time. As for nationalizations, González does not regard them as an answer for Spain, where, in contrast to France, state-owned enterprises have a well-merited reputation for inefficiency. Instead, he will emphasize making the mixed economy work better. It may not be enough.

A GONZÁLEZ GOVERNMENT may eventually founder on economic shoals, but for the moment PSOE regards its main task as political. Spanish Socialists see their impending accession to power as a historic development in national political life that must be managed with care and prudence. The legacies of civil war and authoritarianism must be overcome and the more conservative part of the electorate reconciled to a true political pluralism—one in which right and left alternate in power. A Socialist-led government, González believes, must embrace the center if it is to ensure the acquiescence of such conservative institutions as the Church, the military, and the banking establishment. The right is fragmented, and the Communists, who won 11 percent of the vote in 1979, may lose as many as half their voters to the Socialists this time. Because Spain's weighted system of proportional representation gives extra seats to larger parties, PSOE could win an absolute parliamentary majority with less than half the popular vote. But even if González wins such a majority, he plans to form a coalition government that will exclude the Communists but probably include the principal regional party of Catalonia and the new center-right party headed by Adolfo Suarez, provided it makes a respectable showing.

The advent of a Socialist government would be a totally new experience for this generation of Spaniards. But there will be no upheaval. A month ago, a few army colonels were scheming to shell the residences of the King and the Prime Minister, seize communications centers in Madrid, and wait for the populace to rally to their cause. With the help of the military intelligence agencies, the plot was foiled and the plotters arrested. Since then, fears that the military might obstruct an orderly transfer of power have receded. Most observers now believe that an untroubled change of government is in prospect. The real question is how successful Felipe González and his party will be in tackling the formidable problems of economic recovery and political modernization.

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The PLO's past and the Palestinians' future.

THE PALESTINIAN PATTERN

BY DAVID PRYCE-JONES

THE SURRENDER and exit of the Palestine Liberation Organization from Beirut after its shattering military defeat is the kind of event that has an air of finality about it. Things can never be the same again. The meeting in Amman of Yasir Arafat and King Hussein—enemies for more than a decade—suggests that politics may at last be replacing armed struggle. It is now beyond question that the policy of armed struggle has been an unmitigated catastrophe for the Palestinians—and now, perhaps, some of them may be ready to say so out loud. With each trial of strength, Israel secures land it otherwise might have had to concede, and becomes more implacable, while the Palestinians are dispersed and diminished. The PLO's 15,000 men could offer nothing but destruction and death to people who had never asked to be associated with them. What kind of Palestine could have been built at the expense of Lebanon? The murder of Bashir Gamayel and the ensuing massacre of the Palestinians at Sabra and Shatila provide the desolate answer.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

At the port of Beirut in the last week of August, an extraordinary demonstration took place. Driven to the docksides by the truckload under the watchful eyes of an international police force, the PLO as a body appeared under arrest. Among the PLO men obliged to evacuate Beirut, there were no doubt deluded idealists along with the motley mercenaries—Bangladeshis, Somalis, Nigerians, and Turks. But in the end, not even fellow Arabs could show much sympathy for their ideals, and would agree to receive only limited numbers of escapees.

Since this scene unfolded, many have wondered how it could have been witnessed so passively by the people the PLO claims to represent. A million Palestinians live under Israeli occupation, another million in Jordan, and hundreds of thousands more in Syria, the Gulf states, and Lebanon itself. They could have disrupted their societies by every tactic from passive resistance to open revolt. Yet none did so. As in earlier cases, Palestinians declined the PLO's appeals to action. In part this is because the Palestinians, though they may well resent Israel, Jordan, and the Lebanese Christians alike, have been under much more immediate and sustained threat from the PLO itself. It was PLO "officers" who visited the refugee camps to press-gang Palestinian youths, extort money from merchants, and abduct and murder anyone who questioned these methods—associating the word "Palestine" not only with victimization but also with brutality and hatred. To suppose that Palestinians have been incapable of understanding this is to patronize them. But to many who have not been personally threatened, and so cannot imagine what it is like to be Palestinian, terror acquires positive

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value once it is labeled a national movement.

Yet it is not only the immediate physical threat of the PLO's methods in the camps that explains the curious—to many Westerners—passivity of the Palestinian masses. The answer is also to be found in the history, both recent and remote, of the relationship between the miserable Palestinian people and the militant Palestinian leadership.

After the Six Day War, the PLO, armed with slogans about fish swimming in home waters, tried to set up on the West Bank in order to oppose the initial stage of the Israeli occupation. Fewer than a hundred local volunteers joined it. Instead West Bankers accepted jobs offered by Israel that they continue to fill today by the tens of thousands. Far from being able to start guerrilla operations in the occupied territories, the PLO evacuated within weeks. Yasir Arafat himself is said to have had to escape to Amman. Ever since, the PLO has had little success in inciting public disturbance on the West Bank and in Gaza. The population may be considered to be reconciled to co-existence with Israel.

IN JORDAN, where the PLO tried to reorganize after this fiasco, support from the masses once again did not materialize. The PLO's option of armed struggle was quickly paralyzed by Israeli reprisals, menacing Jordanians and Palestinians alike. The armed struggle degenerated into internal lawlessness. In 1970, when King Hussein decided to curtail the PLO in his country, ordinary Palestinians almost without exception fled to avoid being caught in the crossfire. I will never forget how refugees in Baqaa camp outside Amman were in such despair at what the PLO had brought upon them that they proposed marching across the Jordan River, shouting that they would throw themselves upon the mercy of General Dayan. About a hundred PLO survivors did seek refuge in Israel.

Lebanon was the PLO's last resort. Its avowed objective there was still the pursuit of armed struggle against Israel, but it dishonored its agreements with the host government and erected a state within a state. Every means was used to bully and brutalize Palestinians, and even Lebanese citizens, to give money to the cause and to enroll their sons. Since the Lebanese Army was too weak to emulate King Hussein's troops, law and order could be restored only by outside forces. The Syrians failed in their attempt; the Israelis succeeded. The physical elimination of the PLO in their stronghold of Tel el-Zaatar in the summer of 1976, by the Phalange but under Syrian auspices, stands in hideous symmetry to its elimination from Beirut under Israeli auspices. On both occasions, the Palestinians did their best to stay at a distance from the PLO.

For fifteen years, in one country after another, the PLO has been inflicting unmitigated punishment on the very people it pretends to be saving. If this continues, the entire Palestinian nation will be left in ruins.

In my experience, almost every Palestinian will admit this in private, elaborating with bitter personal detail. But to speak aloud is to deliver oneself as a hostage to fortune. Dozens of honorable Palestinians, including religious leaders, have been assassinated by PLO gunmen for expressing the wish to live in peace with their neighbors. Metaphorically, and sometimes literally, they have all been held at gunpoint. This is also what incites Lebanese Christians to seek revenge, even though that revenge spares the terrorists and can only fall upon the innocent.

Of course there is always the possibility that the PLO, encouraged by Western politicians and intellectuals with no firm grasp of Middle Eastern realities, might somehow carry the day. The intentions of presidents and foreign secretaries of state are inscrutable—or to put it another way, these powerful leaders could not really be as ignorant and foolish as they seem. Who could tell what plans Arafat might be privy to? In the unlikely event of the PLO one day seizing power, every Palestinian has taken care not to expose himself or his family to revenge. That possibility now looks remote indeed. There are other ways to proceed.

There were always other ways, and the vast majority of Palestinians have sought them to the best of their ability. Exactly one hundred years have passed since the first significant Jewish immigration into Palestine confronted the Arab population with the choice of resisting or compromising. The inclination to compromise was predominant. The rich were prepared to sell land to the Zionists and the poor to obtain employment from them. Grievances were localized and could be resolved. Palestinians at the time were a settled people, emerging from the torpid centuries of Ottoman rule; they were hard working and law abiding and conservative (as they still tend to be), prepared to seek advantages that might be available to them through accommodation. As the country developed, Arabs as well as Jews immigrated into Palestine. Fred M. Gottheil has shown, in an essay in *Palestine and Israel in the 19th and 20th Centuries*, edited by Elie Kedourie and Sylvia C. Haim, that Arab immigration accounted for an astonishing 36.8 percent of total immigration into Israel prior to statehood.

PALESTINE'S religious leaders and intellectuals (of whom there were then only a handful) were alone in advocating violence against the incoming Jews. The first call to stamp out Zionism seems to have been made in a book written in French by Negib Azoury, published in Cairo in 1905. The historian Neville J. Mandel credits Azoury with "the distinction of combining both Arab nationalism and opposition to Zionism with anti-Semitism." Latter-day Azourys continue to present the case as though nothing can be learned from history. Nineteenth-century nationalism, with its romanticizing of violence, held such intellectuals in its grip; and to that extent they too were victims of circumstance. Militant nationalism, as they perceived

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it, had made Western powers what they were: to be hated and feared, but emulated for the sake of obtaining parity with them. The end of the Ottoman Empire in 1918, and the installation of the British Mandate in the former Turkish province of Palestine, offered a chance to put these ideas into practice.

At the outset of the Mandate, Haj Amin el-Husseini emerged as the spokesman for nationalistic violence. The son of the Mufti of Jerusalem, he was appointed Mufti himself by the British High Commissioner, Lord Samuel, incidentally a Jew. As Mufti, he represented the highest religious authority in the land, and as a Husseini he was a member of one of Palestine's foremost families, one that had filled such posts as mayor of Jerusalem under Ottoman rule.

In his clerical robes and turban, with his sharp gaze and trim beard, Haj Amin was an impressive figure. His manner was calm and dignified. His policy, however, was to concede nothing to the Jews. In default of dialogue, violence was to be the one and only instrument of the Arabs. The Mandate administration was to be coerced either to throw the Zionists out or to create conditions in which the Arabs could do so. Throughout the 1920s Haj Amin built up his position, moving forward from one well-organized riot to the next. He whipped up the religious feelings of ordinary Palestinians, playing upon their fears and aspirations until he could be sure of generating the collective violence he wanted. A British police officer, Colonel Main, considered that "holy war" had been aroused. Haj Amin, he wrote, "mixed religion with politics so cleverly that it is impossible to say where the one begins and the other leaves off." It is still impossible to separate Haj Amin's fanaticism from his opportunism. Douglas V. Duff, another police officer of the Mandate, has described in his autobiography *May The Winds Blow!* the kind of fanatic whom the Mufti gathered around him and who terrorized the peasantry. "There is an Arab word, *faszad*, which describes their tactics; there is no single-word equivalent for *faszad* in English. By it is meant all the evil, perjuring, malicious, lying Machiavellian intrigue which will do anything to achieve its end."

Under Haj Amin there was to be no election of representatives, as among the Zionists; no participation in joint legislative councils or assemblies; and constant boycotting of efforts to reach agreements with the British or the Zionists. His noes constitute the history of the Palestinians under Mandate.

Some Palestinians were still brave and civic minded enough to oppose him. The Nashashibis in particular did so, partly because they were as prominent a family as the Husseinis, quite as accustomed to public office, and partly because they were convinced that political options could be entertained and even rewarded. Eventually the Nashashibis and their supporters were to throw in their lot with Jordan (still a realistic solution today), but not before they had been thoroughly victimized by the Husseinis. Anyone who showed a willingness to compromise was accused of treason. Haj Amin's gunmen murdered all who dared to stand against the Mufti, not only the Nashashibi faction but also moderate mayors, Arab trade unionists who supported class solidarity with Jewish workers, indeed, any independent spirit. In the end the Mufti's men were to kill King Abdullah of Jordan because he was willing to consider peace proposals with Israel.

ONCE Arab-Jewish cooperation, such as it was or might have been, was paralyzed, there could be only a trial of strength. Hitler's rise to power in 1933, which resulted in the large Jewish immigration to Israel, gave Haj Amin the opening for which he had carefully prepared. Having sent into the field the various guerrilla bands that he had financed and armed, he gave orders for the general strike of 1936, hoping to capture control of the state.

The "Arab rebellion" lasted for the next three years. In its first phase, the Mandate administration's response was to set up the usual commission of inquiry. Lord Peel, its chairman and an experienced civil servant, ruled that Palestine ought to be divided between the two communities, with a small Jewish enclave dominated by a much larger Arab area. It was a rejection of the exclusively military option, and the Mufti would have none of it. He promised a Palestine without Jews. He redoubled his guerrilla efforts. His bands in the Galilee numbered about 15,000.

As Nicholas Bethell says in *The Palestine Triangle*, "The British gradually realized that the most violent aspect of the revolt was not the rebels' attacks against themselves, or even their attacks against Jews, but their treatment of fellow Palestinian Arabs who defied them or were lukewarm in supporting them." Palestinians were kidnapped, marched blindfolded to commandeered houses, taken before a "general" to be told what "crime" they had committed, and sometimes executed on the spot. If kept prisoner, they would be flogged, thrown into makeshift prisons, or moved from place to place, handcuffed in pairs, ahead of organized search teams. Bethell concludes that the vast majority of the Arab population would never have dared to oppose the rebellion publicly.

The Mandate authorities dealt summarily with the second and final phase of this rebellion. By the time the British Army had finished, collective punishments had been imposed on the Arabs, a number of villages had been destroyed, the 15,000 guerrillas were dead or scattered abroad, defenses had been erected around the borders to prevent their return, and the Mufti and his associates were exiled. This was a dress rehearsal for horrors ahead. But the PLO has constructed out of these events a myth of a national uprising yet to be consummated. Memories are short and easily distorted. In a recent PLO propaganda film, an elderly Palestinian bemoans the present and wishes she could

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return to her native Galilee when all was harmony just before the World War, which of course is when this vicious spiral of violence began.

The Arab rebellion attracted the attention of the Nazis, whose policy then was limited to expelling Jews from Germany. The Mufti wished to persuade them otherwise, and he received in Palestine such emissaries as Adolf Eichmann, later the official responsible for the logistics of the enlarged Nazi policy of mass murder. On the principle that the enemy of one's enemy is one's friend, in the aftermath of his abortive rebellion, the Mufti turned to Hitler, whom he called "the great leader and teacher" and at whose victories, he claimed, the Arab nations everywhere had feelings of "the greatest happiness and the most profound gratitude." Haj Amin spent the war in Berlin, where he was welcomed by Hitler and Goebbels in particular, as a valuable propagandist who exhorted Moslems to volunteer for S.S. units, and who toured concentration camps, eagerly endorsing the extermination of Jews. Of all the major collaborators and quislings, he alone escaped the death penalty after 1945.

Discredited as Haj Amin was by then, his influence in the Arab world continued. Postwar proposals for partition were rejected as intransigently as ever, in the face of irresistible pressure to accommodate in Palestine those Jews who had survived Nazism. In frustration, the British turned the issue of partition over to the United Nations.

IN 1947 the United Nations' partition plan was accepted by the Jews but rejected on behalf of Palestinians (who were not consulted) by the surrounding Arab nations, who invaded the newborn Israel, in May 1948. Their various leaders, in true Mufti style, promised to kill the Jews and restore Palestine to the Palestinians, though it is questionable whether they would have done so at the end of a successful campaign. After their unsuccessful campaign, the Egyptians administered Gaza as their own, and the Jordanians annexed the West Bank.

For the Palestinians, the option of armed struggle at this juncture amounted to asking to be excused from the consequences of the twentieth century. Inhibited by Arab leaders from reaching agreement and unwilling to wage war, Palestinians made a third choice: they fled. (For the very few cases in which they were encouraged to do so by the victorious Israelis, see *A Political Study of the Arab-Jewish Conflict*, by Rory E. Gabbay, published in 1959.) In the event, a mass vote had been taken by the nation to be elsewhere while its destiny was in the balance. This lack of confidence, though understandable, was evidence of the state to which these unhappy people had been reduced by those who claimed to be arriving to their rescue. How many times have I heard since from refugees that they ran away under orders from leaders whom they now curse. Once I was escorted in a PLO car to Bourj-el-Barajneh, not far from Beirut, to watch some of Arafat's men in training. They were apparently practicing killing Jews, but my PLO guide whispered that I should not be deceived by appearances. His brother had stayed behind in Jaffa, quietly prospering down the years, he said, and now he and every Palestinian understood how they had been tricked by false promises.

The 1948 fighting left Israel independent, though larger by force of arms than any partition plan had envisaged. Israel's continuation of the 1967 fighting left Israel in possession of the whole of Palestine west of the Jordan, and now there is scarcely scope for partition. In a metaphor first used by the Peel Commission, half a loaf would have been better than no bread, but now there are hardly even crusts to retrieve.

This pitiful history must be recalled not in order to point to folly which cannot be undone, but because nothing changes in the continuation of armed struggle except the Palestinian personalities. The methods of Haj Amin have been adopted in their gruesome and suicidal entirety by Arafat's PLO, and the disaster visited upon the Palestinians is now all but complete.

THE PLO was brought into being by a decision of Gamal Abdul Nasser in 1964. He envisaged a militia, under his control, to be used for subversion and other purposes of Egyptian policy. How ordinary Palestinians lived, and how their national tragedy might be concluded, were of little or no concern to him. After the 1967 war, precipitated by Nasser, every Arab nation conceived that the Israelis could still be fought by some other means, namely the Palestinians. As proxies, accordingly, small factions of Palestinians—or failing them, of assorted Moslem and Arab mercenaries—were financed and armed by most of the Arab nations. The communal struggle was said to be directed against Israel, but soon the various factions were enacting among themselves the quarrelsome policies and rivalries of their sponsors. Israelis have died by the hundreds in this process, but Arabs by the tens of thousands, exactly as in the 1920s and 1930s.

Yasir Arafat's particular genius has been to gather around him these disparate militias so he would appear to be speaking on behalf of a representative organization. Like Haj Amin before him, Arafat's ambition has been to gain control of a state, and he has adapted the means to achieve the ends. Which Palestinians have been killed by which faction, and why, are questions that have preoccupied the police and security forces of a score of countries. Moderates are supposed to exist within the PLO, but their language is scarcely distinguishable from that of the extremists, either because they are terrorized by them or because they secretly agree with them, and are playing devious political games. What the PLO likes to call national unity is no more than the climate of terror around it.

Ironically, through his mother Arafat is a Husseini, a relation of Haj Amin's. The PLO program of armed

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struggle to destroy the Zionists differs from Haj Amin's only in that revolutionary rhetoric has been substituted for (or joined to) religious fervor. The violence is unchanged. Just as Haj Amin's demeanor concealed from many his real intentions, so Arafat's contrived and almost picturesque presentation of himself has attracted Western admirers, who will greet the outrages perpetrated by the PLO with cries of apology.

Who stops to ask why this self-proclaimed leader of his nation has only 15,000 followers—and many of them not even Palestinian? Why do Palestinians *en masse* leave the PLO alone? Are they supposed to be too benighted to know what is good for them? The PLO has so often been treated at its own valuation that the real sufferings of Palestinians at its hands have been ignored. As long ago as 1968, Arafat was idolized on the cover of *Time*, when he had just been driven off the West Bank, and had lost the one battle for hearts and minds that he might have won. He has since been received with a standing ovation in the U.N., and embraced by the likes of Gandhi and Kreisky and Papandreou. Whenever he looked as though he were being jettisoned by his backers, a Senator Percy or a Lord Carrington or a Prince Fahd or someone else for whom Palestinians are only political pawns, has devised a plan to give the PLO a further lease on life. Most recently it was the Vicar of Christ in Rome.

This extraordinary public relations success has no popular base, and would have been inconceivable if Arafat had not brilliantly exploited a gap in the cold war. Where Haj Amin offered himself to Nazi Germany, Arafat has been able to turn to the Soviet Union. More than a sign of the times, this is a measure of the change in the world's distribution of power. The Soviet Union also cares nothing for the Palestinians, and early in the struggle showed only such deference as was due to any brainchild of Nasser's. Nasser's collapse in 1967, however, obliged the Soviet Union to rescue and re-equip Egypt, thereby unexpectedly increasing Soviet leverage in the whole region. In this context, the Soviet calculation that the PLO might be profitably backed and armed was logical. Nasser's death and Sadat's political evolution then unpredictably switched Egypt from a client into an opponent, leaving the Soviet Union with the PLO on its hands. Just as ordinary Palestinians had nothing to gain from the Nazis, so now they receive no advantage from the Soviets. They have watched the PLO slipping under Soviet control out of expediency, and this may have frightened them off as much as any PLO terror tactics.

No means exist of discovering what public opinion may be today on the occupied territories, which are the eye of the storm. The drama of Beirut will seal the fate of Nablus, Hebron, Jenin, and Gaza, whose inhabitants now face the Israelis on their own. Perhaps as the shock of events wears off, Palestinians there will be able finally to reject the unending Haj Amin-Arafat armed struggle, publicly choosing instead to accept the compromises that in fact they are living. Something may still be salvaged—an entity, autonomy, a confederated state extending to Jordan.

President Reagan's latest proposals could implement the PLO's military defeat by bringing about its political isolation within the Palestinian community. There is a not unreasonable hope that spokesmen for the Palestinians under occupation will come to agree to whatever is left of the concept of partition. If the recent talks in Amman between King Hussein and Arafat mark another stage in the demilitarization of the PLO, and a possible political reconciliation with Jordan, then these Palestinians for partition might make themselves known. If they do, Begin and Sharon can go no more adventuring into the night, and President Reagan's plan loses an element of wishful thinking.

WILL SOME Palestinian intellectual at last argue in favor of compromise along such lines, legitimizing a course that is realistic and honorable, thus helping his nation to break out of its wretched history of negation? Are there leaders in the occupied territories capable of standing up and taking responsibility for their people, no matter what Prime Minister Begin hysterically proclaims, and irrespective of the shadow of Israeli settlements? Undoubtedly they exist. There is Anwar Nusseibeh, the former defense minister of Jordan who lives in East Jerusalem. There is Elias Freij, the moderate Mayor of Bethelem, who recently accepted the Reagan plan (that is, the Labor plan) for peace. (There were other mayors in the occupied territories such as Rashid Shawa of Gaza, who were genuinely willing to deal, but they were egregiously dismissed from their posts by the Israelis.) And there is even Mustapha Dudeen, a former Jordanian cabinet minister, now head of the so-called Union of Village Leagues, who has met with the disdain of self-appointed Western tribunes for the Palestinians. He was prepared to state in an interview to the London *Times* on September 7: "What we should do at least is to secure our existence on the ground." In addition, there are former notables, heads of families, men with distinguished records. To one such personality who could well lead a government, I once presented a copy of my book, *The Face of Defeat: Palestinian Refugees and Guerrillas* (1973). He looked himself up in the index, and then turned to the entry under Arafat, whereupon he handed the book back with the words, "I do not wish to read what you wrote. Who is Arafat?" What he meant was that Arafat's standing was not something he was prepared to take seriously.

If such Palestinians do not declare themselves, then the cowed and demoralized remnants of their people are likely to be submerged into a Greater Israel comprising all of Palestine west of the Jordan, with the prospect of lingering national demise, annexation, or worse. Then the Palestinian people will have paid in full for the faults of their leaders.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Prisoners

Love Child
(Ladd/Warner Brothers)

Moonlighting
(Universal Classic)

Thirteen years ago, Larry Peerce's third film, *Goodbye Columbus* (TNR, April 12, 1969), showed some directorial ingenuity but was short on taste and tone. The one previous Peerce film I had seen and the two I saw subsequently were inferior to that picture. Now, at last, with *Love Child*, Peerce has directed well, and he has done it against considerable odds: his story is set in an environment worn to shabbiness by numerous films and by "serious" TV. The setting is a women's prison—and, yes, it's in the South. (Florida.) The script includes a lot of the scenes you would expect in such a film: the homosexual advances, the knife fight, the heroine's initial hostility toward her court-appointed lawyers, at the beginning and on appeal; but they are all handled as if never done before, embraced with a purpose that gives them immediacy.

Love Child is labeled a true story. Well, true stories don't necessarily produce true films. It doesn't matter whether or not *Love Child* is based on fact (though I'm not doubting it): it's true on screen. The protagonist is a prisoner who becomes pregnant by a guard. It's not rape: she loved him and believed his lies about trying to get her out of prison and marrying her. She refuses an abortion and fights to keep the child she will have. (Another prisoner says she has had five babies, all of whom were taken from her.) This girl, before the birth, bases her fight on a Florida statute that says a prison-born child "may be" (not "shall be") kept by its mother until it is eighteen months old. She wins her appeal, and a voice-over at the end tells us that she was subsequently paroled and now lives with her child.

It seems clear that Peerce faced the hazards of triteness in this film right from the start. Perhaps fortified by the factuality of his story, he walked right up to the triteness, right through it, and safely out the other side. I'd infer that he relied on three elements. He had to tell his story cleanly, without filmic froth and without "big-house" platitudes; he had to find a visual key to make the very texture support the seriousness; and he had to keep the acting on course.

The only wobbles of consequence are in Number One. A few of the minor roles are taken off the rack, like old costumes; a few of the scenes, like a visit from the girl's mother who otherwise figures not at all, seem falsely "obligatory." Otherwise, the script by Anne Gerard and Katherine Specktor, though hardly brilliant, is better than serviceable. And one device, seemingly small, not only covers time lapses, it grinds our faces into concrete: at the beginning of each new sequence, a title reads "Day 261" or "Day 446," and so on.

The visual patterning of the film is subtle and gives it just the lift of *being* that is needed. The institution where the exteriors were shot—actually the Broward County jail of the story—is modern, a complex of low, spare, rectilinear buildings. Peerce, with an acute cinematographer named Jim Pergola, has taken his compositional cue from those buildings. The austere, rectangular forms were always there, of course, the cell doors and corridors and bare visiting rooms, but Peerce has seen them as products of a matrix: the external shape of the institution itself. This creates the effect of a nest of cold Chinese boxes; and this effect underscores their contrast with the contours of the humans within.

The acting, most of it, stays clear of stock performances in previous cognate roles. Albert Salmi, who hasn't been a particularly interesting actor of late, does a decent job as a decent prison officer. Beau Bridges, who was so sweetly reticent as the husband in *Norma Rae*, manages to evoke understanding, if not exactly sympathy, as the smitten guard who impregnates the girl.

Obviously I'm saving the best for last. The girl is played by Amy Madigan, who is making her screen debut (after some TV movies). Eighteen at the start, left on her own by family circumstances, this girl gets quite accidentally involved in an attempt at armed robbery. She is easily caught; and she pleads guilty on advice of counsel. The fact that she had no slightest criminal intent, the additional fact that she is given a stunningly heavy sentence, produce bitterness and a bitter fight to preserve self. Madigan, freckled, plain but winning, is simultaneously proud and pathetic, intense and vulnerable. A familiar phrase in the literature about acting is the Illusion of the First Time. It's usually applied to dialogue that has been memorized and rehearsed; in Madigan's case, it can be applied to her entire, fundamentally familiar role. She brings us news, human news.

The painter Arshile Gorky said that Americans place too much value on originality. (Thus he is quoted in a too-brief but lovely documentary about him, made by Charlotte Zwerin, that I saw at the recent New York Film Festival.) In one aspect, at least, Gorky might have been pleased with *Love Child*. It

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Burden of Dreams. See *Fitzcarraldo* first, then this mostly fascinating documentary about its making. A unique double release.

Fitzcarraldo. Peru, 1910. Werner Herzog's passionate ode to the impossible. Klaus Kinski burns as an opera-mad adventurer seeking a fortune so that he can bring Caruso to the upper Amazon.

My Favorite Year. Peter O'Toole vaults dazzingly over a rickety script, about an alcoholic film star and the young New York TV comedy writer assigned to get O'Toole to the skit on time. 1954.

Yes, Giorgio. Luciano Pavarotti. Bring a book and a flashlight for what goes on between the arias.

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doesn't care that it's treading through familiar territory: it simply does its work with generally commendable directness, relying for originality on its verity. (But why *Love Child*? Why not *Prison Child*?) There's nothing gigantic here, nothing revelatory; still, it's a film that goes past fact to truth.

ON THE OTHER HAND—and a grandiose hand it is—Jerzy Skolimowski is interested in little other than originality, which to him means artiness, which to the viewer translates into unmitigated banality. The Higher Banality, perhaps, still banal. Nothing is so tiresomely trite as a frenzy to be wonderful at the expense of subject, audience, and the film form itself.

I can claim consistency on the issue of Skolimowski: I've detested his directing since his first feature, made in his native Poland, *Identification Marks: None* (1964). Since 1970 he has been working abroad, mostly in Britain, and freedom for him has meant only license for self-display. Two of his worst excrescences, both made in Britain, were *Deep End* and *The Shout*; his latest, *Moonlighting*, also made in Britain, is at least their equal in odiousness.

It begins, typically, with a quite unnecessarily huge closeup of a young woman announcing the departure of a flight from Warsaw to London. This blowsiness of camera choice persists throughout. Skolimowski frames no split second of his film without thinking—*first*, before he thinks of the moment itself—of how he can make people gasp, "Ah, that Skolimowski." A longish gasp, I admit, but it's patently what he's after.

Much comment has been made about the allegorical shape of the story, though Skolimowski, who wrote the script, has insisted with clumsy coyness that he had no allegorical intent. Four Polish workers are sent to London to renovate the vacation home of their unidentified Warsaw boss. The foreman of the group is played by Jeremy Irons, of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*; the other three are played by two Poles and a Czech. Irons has been given a fixed amount of money and time for the job and, for various reasons, has a tough time seeing it through. While the four are at work in the London house, virtually isolated, martial law is declared in Poland. This is December, 1981. Irons is the only one of the group who understands English, the only one who regularly leaves the house, to do the shopping; and he thinks it essential to keep the Polish news from his crew lest they become distracted with worry for their families, even try to return home ahead of time. We have learned that Irons is not a member of Solidarity. So the situation in the London house becomes at least a partial microcosm of the Polish situation: repression, near-imprisonment, in order to keep the state (the working crew of three) in order.

Irons is very poor in his role. Apart from his studied Polish accent, he might be a hypersensitive London interior decorator trying to finish a job on time and encountering difficulties with his help. Hasn't Irons ever noticed the way that, for instance, Robert de Niro changes his body's center of gravity, the kinetics of character, from a Monroe Stahr to a Jake La Motta? Irons hasn't imaginatively altered one atom of his being for this man. This is never clearer than when he picks up a tool or grabs a plyboard partition; it "feels" as if he has just taken off doeskin gloves. And couldn't he or the makeup man or Skolimowski have noticed the difference in appearance between his hands and those of his fellow workers?

But groans about Irons are as secondary as would be any criticism of the script. Skolomowski's direction is the primary barrier between us and the film: the pointless close-ups, the sententious camera angles, the false revelations (pulling back into long shots that disclose nothing relevant), and, above all, the faulty dynamics. Everything occurs at the same level of importance, in volume of sound and in dramatic pitch, whether it's a major quarrel or the tumbling of a garbage can. If this film were technically incompetent, it would be dismissible; but it's flamboyant and arrogant, therefore obnoxious.

Welcome to six exhibitions of Scandinavian culture.

THE YEAR OF THE VIKINGS

BY JOHN CANADAY

As you must have heard by now, this continent is currently in the grip of a Viking invasion, or call it neo-Viking—friendly and cultural, in the form of performances and exhibitions of painting, sculpture, decorative arts, photography, music, literature, dance, and any other fine, applied, and in spots commercial arts and letters as practiced in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, and Iceland. The joint program is called "Scandinavia Today." Heavy on recent background material, it offers one charming medieval interloper, an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts dating back to about the year 1200 from, of all unexpected places, Iceland.

Current bulletins from "Scandinavia Today" list fifty-six events taking place across the land, ranging from poetry readings to full-scale exhibitions and concerts. Having got around to six that fall within my field, I offer this tally:

One piquant surprise—the Icelandic manuscripts. There are only eleven of these, the others in the Arnamagnean Institute being too fragile to travel but represented in an excellent photographic introduction to the entire group. These manuscripts are delightful—crude and naive in comparison with their contemporaries elsewhere (late eleventh to sixteenth centuries) and badly darkened because they were protected for so long in smoky farmhouses rather than royal libraries or monastic scriptoria, but unless you have been to Iceland, it is unlikely that you have seen anything like them before. At the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York until November 14, this exhibition will not travel further.

Next, two full-scale retrospectives, of the Danish abstract-expressionist Asger Jorn (1928-1976) and the pop-oriented Öyvind Fahlström (1928-1976), born in Brazil, a Swedish citizen at the age of

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nineteen, then a New Yorker at age thirty-three until his death at age forty-eight. Both of these are at the Guggenheim Museum in New York; the Jorn will go to London after closing November 7, and the Fahlström to the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. The Fahlström show is a great big one and a welcome review of the legitimate residue of a career that during Fahlström's life was marred by too many attention-getting stunts. The outrageous vulgarity of his paintings and drawings, debasing comic strips and advertising art to such a low level that it became a form of sophistication, also used to seem overly shock-oriented. But after ten years during which many artists of his genre have grown stale, Fahlström's diatribes such as "Nixon Dreams" (1971) have gained in strength as social documents distinguished by black humor and morbid wit.

Then, one very small exhibition of printmaking at the National Academy of Design, New York, which will have closed by the time this article appears, but will be small loss. Under the title "Ecology and Poetry in Nordic Printmaking," it is one section of an exhibition that has been divided into four. I searched without success for any ecological associations here, but found one Danish artist, Olle Sporring, a poet of horror so interesting that I had to resist the temptation to buy one of his black and white linocuts. His densely patterned nightmares mix bestial and prosaic images, which seem to lure us into entering a deranged mind.

Finally, a highly successful major exhibition, which I will get to in a moment, and one major fizzle, which I must get to first on the principle that to save good news for last is always a good idea. (Unfortunately, panning this show, as I must, puts me in an embarrassing position with a number of artists, curators, and functionaries who were good to me last spring in Oslo, Stockholm, and Copenhagen.) So, to get this painful job out of the way:

"Sleeping Beauty—Art Now," a ludicrous title to begin with, is teamed at the Guggenheim with the Jorn and Fahlström retrospectives with the idea of putting immediately contemporary art in perspective with ancestral abstract expressionism and pop. The show consists of ten one-man shows, one sculptor and one painter from each of the five Scandinavian countries. That isn't enough. Thomas Messer, director of the Guggenheim and co-commissioner of "Sleeping Beauty" along with the entertainment guru of modern art, Ponthus Hultén—Mr. Messer was not, so far as I know, decisively active in the selections—beats critics to the draw in the catalogue by writing,

> Obviously no valid conclusions about a nation's art can be drawn from so fragmentary and necessarily subjective a sampling . . . nor do the organizers of this exhibition advance any claims to this effect.

What gets me is that "obviously." In the face of so obvious a fact, and in the face as well of the variety, invention, vigor, and general liveliness of Scandinavian painting and sculpture today, why was so limited an approach settled on? At least seventy artists could have been accommodated in a show of the same size, and it could have been a sizzler, a worthy survey of an art scene barely known in this country.

I have no quarrel with the caliber of the artists included, but in the cases of those whose work I know well enough, I have a big quarrel with the selection of examples. The Swedish painter Olle Kaks comes off with his dazzling "Market Garden," an enormous, brilliantly colored, elaborately organized abstraction that with one spectacular sculpture by Bjorn Norgaard, a Dane, dominates the show. Norgaard's "Human Wall," constructed of wood and concrete on the Guggenheim's ground floor and bearing a dozen or so large glazed ceramic sculptures parodying such familar art-historical landmarks as Donatello's "Il Zuccone," Michelangelo's "Dying Slave," and the Farnese Hercules, struck me as an altogether successful satirical comment on the relationship between past and modern art, but I found myself rebuked, as an eavesdropper, by a couple of more serious characters who were reading into it a significant treatise on the human condition today. Maybe so. In any case, it is a creditable example of Scandinavian art at the moment.

"INTERIOR WITH PIANO AND WOMAN IN BLACK" BY VILHELM HAMMERSHØI, COURTESY OF THE ORDRUPGAARD COLLECTION, COPENHAGEN

But Lars Englund, of Sweden, and Bard Breivik and Arvid Petterson, both Norwegian, fare less well. Mr. Englund, whose sculpture in the Venice Biennale of 1978 established him as an elegant and resourceful stylist in a variety of manners employing synthetic materials, is represented in "Sleeping Beauty" by two sculptures in the least interesting of his manners. Mr. Breivik, who has done some exquisitely crafted ab-

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stract sculptures in laminated wood and, in one case I remember, mother-of-pearl inlay, has to be judged at the Guggenheim on the basis of a series of compositions also well crafted but resembling radiator grills, gigantic toast racks, and fish traps too closely to be of any interest as inventive sculpture. Twenty years ago they might have passed; today they only look passé. Mr. Petterson's paintings, with the exception of one self-portrait, look like discards in comparison with the work I saw in his studio six months ago. Fortunately all these artists are at least shown in the catalogue by photographs of work superior to that in the exhibition, but that doesn't help the let-down in the face of the show itself. Hoping that my original response had been somehow warped, I made two return visits to "Sleeping Beauty" but was unable to modify my unhappy first impression.

The Guggenheim adopted the title "Northern Visions" for this triple header. "Sleeping Beauty" will go alone to the Port of History Museum in Philadelphia and then the Los Angeles Municipal Museum when the show breaks up.

Now for a bit of good cheer:

Just as an exhibition of contemporary Scandinavian art should have been foolproof, so one of the period 1880 to 1910, by all preconceptions, should have been least likely to succeed. But "Northern Light: Realism and Symbolism in Scandinavian Painting 1880-1910," now at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, is an important and perversely fascinating show—perversely because it runs counter to taste dictated by art from Cézanne forward. The only widely familiar name from the period is Edvard Munch, the moody, death-obsessed Norwegian precursor of twentieth-century expressionism. Old-timers might also remember the Swedish Anders Zorn, popular fifty years ago as a Sargentesque technical showman, or even Christian Krohg, another Norwegian, whose haunting "The Sick Girl" is alone enough to establish an enduring reputation. Paintings by these artists are included, but not played up as stars, among the ninety-four making up this big show.

The first temptation is to run through "Northern Light" looking for dark horses who might join Munch as precursors of modern art, but the value of the exhibition is that it reestablishes the social and moral values of its own time and place as legitimate criteria for determining the function of art and the appropriateness of the aesthetic means of expressing them in landscapes, portraits, allegories, domestic scenes, and genre. Some of the genre subjects fall over the edge of mere picturesqueness or sentimentality, but not many. Fortunately the exhibition is preserved in an excellent catalogue that should become a standard reference work in the revivification of Scandinavian art outside its homelands. The exhibition was organized by the Brooklyn Museum, where it will be shown from November 10 to January 9, 1983, before going on to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts from February 4 to April 10. That will close the Year of the Vikings, and it couldn't have a more satisfactory conclusion.

A portrait of Elias Canetti.

The Road To The True Book

By William H. Gass

Elias Canetti is a short, slight, now a pale gray, moustached man I met in Berlin a few years ago at a festive German writers' party. From three insufficiently separated places in a large ballroom, three bands were playing colliding tunes. Umpahpah rammed jazz hit rock and roll, and watermelons spilled their seeded juice and soft red pulp all over the road. In the wreck, some broken loaves of Wonder Bread were sogged. I tried to tell Canetti how much I admired his novel, *Auto-da-Fé*. Jack Barth was executing a stork-like dance step. I was fascinated. Canetti could not hear me, of course. A person between us (it was Christopher Middleton, the poet and translator, I believe) passed our words back and forth like notes in bellowed code. "He wants to know where you're from," Middleton yelled. "The U.S.A." "What?" "Eh?" "The U.S.A." Shout it forward. Pretend it is the flag. A tuba ran into the grand piano with a crash. I think Canetti said he didn't much care for the U.S.A. but I can't be certain. He refused to raise his voice and my intermediary was reluctant to continue in such a futile role. I was irritated by the braying of instruments about me—the hated saxophone, the amplified guitar—annoyed both by the need I felt to say something significant to this remarkable man, and by the impossibility of saying anything. An accordion, for Christ's sake, began breathing heavily, its costume predictably Bavarian. Canetti seemed bemused, reduced even further by the din, as if his vest gave us the glimpse of another shrunken suit beneath the one he wore. Jack Barth was concluding some complicated flourishes of foot. I was fascinated. The bands played on. The bands boomed. They blared. They baa'aad.

Were I to write my autobiography (were I to find myself handsome, rich, young, famous, dancing on the moon), should I include this trivial little incident? After all, it is stuffed like a pillow with important names. And I have managed, with the customary arrogance of the autobiographer, to attach this deeply thoughtful and dedicated writer to me, quite off-hand, as if he were a mitten I've removed. He is—if you want him identified—short, slight, pale, glassed-over, gray, and simply a man I met one noisy evening in Berlin. No more considerable importance can be conferred upon him. And, in addition, now you know I knew of his work and its importance well before Canetti received his Nobel Prize and passed from one obscurity to another like a low moon among clouds. Besides, my admiration is as interesting to me as his novel, anyone can see that. My admiration is my precious gift. Fortunately, Canetti will not have to walk it home, shelve it somewhere out of sight, leave it with the Samaritans to be shoveled on the poor. Yet my account shows me to be modest enough. We met, I merely

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say. We shouted (I shouted), but we didn't speak. I am not puffing myself, making much of it. The incident is all nicely underdone like a properly roasted leg of lamb. I am, however, dropping names like melons on the road, even nicks: Jacks. Is no one who happens along to have any protection from me and the private diaries I am eager to hurry into print; the journals, like johns, in which I relieve my spite? And the impatient, hence incautious, reader (so slyly sounded are my description's undertones) may believe that Saul Bellow has also been mentioned.

Then the word "I"—that moist reed-like letter that makes the winds sing, that wonderful word for *me*—takes ten typical bows in our specimen paragraph, while "my" and "me" get one each (it could easily have been oftener for all); although, at the party, I was less than one really, a quarter of one perhaps, when I left, and I remained unknown in the noise the entire time—my name blown away from Canetti's ear—alas!—as overlooked as the rug upon which nothing more was spilled than a little ash, wine, wads of napkin, German beer.

I, think back, but thinking back is a bad business, because doubts immediately began to nibble on the edges of my images, and I cannot allow these doubts to dim the clarity of my account. My text must smell of certainty as if with success. Yet was it a vest, or a sweater, Canetti was wearing? And isn't that my present self—the self that since has seen Canetti photographed in a cardigan—standing there in the midst of the din I'm repossessing? His pictures suggest a man more bird-like than he was. Then were there really three bands playing simultaneously, or did it simply seem (and sound) so? No, I stood in front of each of them in order to hear what they were individually playing. But does that prove there were three? Well, to remember is to give limbs to a new lie.

AS THE AUTOBIOGRAPHER in this experiment, I must balance the self I am with the several selves I was, nor dare I scant the selves I shall become as the writing of my life goes on and alters me; I must furthermore not conceal the disparities there are between the "I" I look through and the "me" you see, even while I seek an essential harmony; therefore I must never omit either myself, my things, the things of others, or the others who own them, and I must carefully place my lonely consciousness down between the blaring of the bands and the many figures who stand stiffly about like bearers of cups; because I had come to this party hoping to meet Günter Grass (why? to make *him* a present of my admiration?); consequently, as I searched for him among these strangers whom I assumed were located somewhere in German writing like oil in an engine, I looked about for a fiercer face, another kind of moustache; hence my encounter with Canetti was wholly unexpected: I hadn't thought to think he was alive. And did these feelings of mine—my prickles of irritation, my brief whiff of surprise—did they dance a bit of a jig like Jack's while I stook to one side and watched with fascination? Already our incident has become uncontrollably complex. I must know more than I know in order to render my insecurity, fix floating images, outline my ignorance. Where am I to put my smothered startle when Canetti's name was said, a hand from somewhere shaken?

Many writers, novelists and dramatists especially, use up their pasts until there is no more paint in the can when they come to cover their lives, only in the rim of the lid, and Canetti is quite aware of this. Many of the experiences that went into the writing of *Auto-da-Fé* are missing from his autobiography. But once you have falsified fact and made it fiction, it is impossible to go back and recover the case, as it was, intact and untouched—to reverse the metamorphosis—and that is because you have meddled with your memory, and to meddle with memory, either in the service of art or from a fear of the unexamined, alters it; it is no longer "your" memory; it has been reconstructed, just as you have been rebuilt, as you clear away its obscurities, overcome its biases, fill everything evenly in; for "your" memory was dirty and broken and incomplete. Now that you understand it, it is no longer yours; it belongs to your analysis. Your dreams have become oedipal like everyone else's.

Canetti writes:

> I bow to memory, every person's memory. I want to leave memory intact, for it belongs to the man who exists for his freedom. And I do not veil my dislike for those who perform a beauty operation on a memory until it resembles anyone else's memory. Let them operate on noses, lips, ears, skin, hair as much as they like; let them—if they must—implant eyes of different colors, even transplant hearts that manage to beat along for another year; let them touch, trim, smooth, plane everything—but just let memory be.

Now, as I continue to dance about it, executing some felicitous footfalls, the memory of my foolish encounter with Canetti in Berlin becomes as full of significance as it was of noise, because it is noise that Canetti hates—social static, gabble, chatter. He says of Hermann Broch, but it is also true of himself: that he is most interested in the specific way a man makes the air shake; yet the air we stood in on that evening was already pulsating. The air we tried to shape and give voice to was already a trembling air, beaten till bruised by a concerted, instrumentalized huffing, by flatulent sounds called tunes, by arrangements that would never reach music, by the commercial culture that has consumed our everyday life. And in that eloquent 1936 tribute to Hermann Broch, Canetti speaks of the air as if it were free, unowned, "the last common property." Today, however, we know that when we breathe our last, that last breath will have been a chimney's smoke before we breathed it, or the fume in an exhaust, a radio'd wave; it will be wet with a clarinetist's spit; it will have taken shape in a subway, somewhere between a paunch and a hip; it will have been bought, sold, renovated, washed, reused; and even then we'll have to pay well in advance for it like a seat for the Series. Our last breath will be brought to us, very likely, through a rented plastic tube. Perhaps we won't be able to put sufficient funds up front. In that case,

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our last breath may be denied us.

Elias Canetti begins his autobiography (the first volume of which he has entitled *The Tongue Set Free*) with a characteristically arresting and symbolic episode that he says is his earliest memory. Every morning, as he steps out into the hall of the house where he is staying, in the company of the girl who is taking care of him, a smiling young man confronts him with a jackknife he has withdrawn from his trousers, and after commanding the boy to stick out his tongue, he places the cool blade alongside it, threatening to cut it off. Each morning the young man refrains —folds and repockets the knife—but promises to carry out the operation the following day. Suddenly (as it must have seemed) both young man and maid disappear from Canetti's life. Much later he learns that this knife-smiling youth has been having a vaguely defined affair with his nannie, and uses this frightening gesture to ensure his silence. "The threat with the knife worked," Canetti writes, "the child quite literally held his tongue for ten years."

THIS VIVIDLY DRAWN vignette is more than merely an apt and gripping beginning to the first volume of Canetti's memoirs. It foreshadows many of his fundamental themes: the critical importance of the tongue and its freedom to speak, the intercourse of minds through conversation, hence the evil in lies, in misdirection, in enforced silence, in verbal mystification and every other offense against speech and its moving element, the word, especially death's offense against it, against Creation (since for all of us, it was the first curse cried; for each of us, it is the last curse carried out), because Canetti hears death as silence, the final flight of the breath, the triumphant rattle of the snake. However, there is also the evil born in the howls of the mob, the shrieks of the insane who have lost the ability to converse and cannot convey to others the condition of their consciousness. These are Canetti's subjects—in sum: utterance and its inhibition, learning, listening, and the terrible dangers of the deaf ear.

The deer is alert and turns to catch the wind and every sound. Our ears turn too, always away from the signal. So we shall not smell rot, we wear perfume; we spice our food to disguise its blandness, or contrarily, its decay; we fill our

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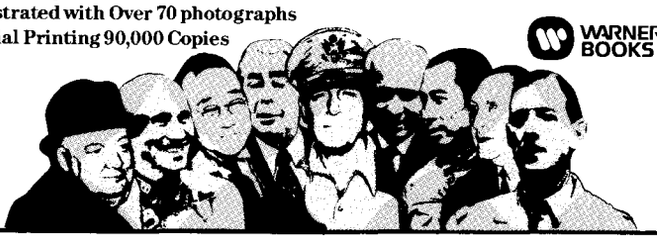

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souls with sensation so we shall not have to see.

Canetti's use of this little adventure is typical of his technique as an autobiographer, too, because he concentrates on those events of his life that were to become models for others—prototypes—and that would therefore reappear often, much as a persistent thought does: this first fear, for instance; yet he does not pretend to write of it in the ignorance and simplicity of its onset and scant survival (although the child recalls only the red of walls and carpet, the knife and its threat, and not a bit of the hankypanky he was presumably a witness to); nor does he use it to prognosticate, subjecting it to analysis and noting an early connection between tongue and phallus in his psyche, talk and intercourse, power and *interdiction*, which later became severe; instead he strikes a perfect balance between his present knowledge and his childhood ignorance, and allows us, his readers, to learn of his life as he does. Canetti's tact with time and knowledge is one of the artistic triumphs of these memoirs.

The idea of the model, moreover, is important to Canetti in other ways. He is a seeker and builder of them, a worshipper of heroines and heroes: initially his mother, then the cultural critic, Karl Kraus, next his future wife, Veza (who will receive the dedication of *Auto-da-Fé*), still later, writers like Isaac Babel, whom he meets, and Franz Kafka, whom, of course, he cannot. All his models are people who teach, whose speech or writings are their blackboard, chalk, and rod. Similarly, then, he treats the events of his life as instructors, as occasions to be "lived up to" in reliving them, to be passed through like phases of one's education, and to be freed from finally, so that others, always higher, more excellent, more demanding, may

GERMAN WEATHER HOUSE

Spinning high above our weathered barn,
the axis-mundi of the muddy yard,
the copper weathercock
rules with an iron will,
a will, identical to the arrow he perches on.
On one rusty leg, he swivels south,
southeast. The wind isn't very far behind
his battered tail. He swivels north.
Gaining in velocity,
the wind follows him obediently.

Or so he thinks. Directly overhead,
the dime-sized sun has just begun to spread
a dime's-worth of warmth.
Smiling Brunhild pops out her door
and stands on the porch at full attention.
A guardian of good weather,
her right cheek bruised blue
where the paintbrush missed her eye.
Her braids, two blonde antlers,
stick straight out of her head.
Fuming behind his matchstick door,
her grumpy husband, Hans,
picks up where she stopped dusting
the black ladder of the thermometer
and rinses out the mop.

Marriage isn't made in heaven.
Like Heraclitus, neither
can step onto the same porch twice
during the same weather.
The wheel their feet are glued to
binds them together for better or for worse,
her cheerful face opposing his at every turn.
Under their companionable roof,
they share the relative humidity—
neighborly, but solitary;
separate, but equal.

As the cumulo-nimbi
of his bushy eyebrows begin to gather
and the barometric pressure drops,
Hans throws a trenchcoat over his mossy lederhosen
and lurches forward like a second hand
while Brunhild lurches backward
toward the midnight of her door.
Above her trembling lintel,
herds of thunderclouds stampede the roof,
slamming Brunhild's door shut, locking her
inside the dark particulars of home.
Mopping the floor, she wonders
if *she's* responsible for the storm.
The armor guarding Brunhild's heart
is a cotton pinafore. Hers
is a purely mechanical defense—
the worse she feels, the more she smiles.
Through her door, she calls Hans home,
but he feels most at home
outside, conducting the Wagnerian sublime.
Hurricanes are his forte;
his anger, the leitmotif that sparks repeatedly
like a trick candle that won't blow out.

But high above the weather house,
the weathercock thinks that *he's* the maestro!
Dead center in the hurricane's eye,
he's just ordered the sun to rise
for the second time today.
Dawn's alarm clock, aren't all moving bodies
subject to his whims?
Why else would those two below
pop out their doors like manic cuckoos
and jerk along their miserable circle
unless he was their oracle—

while the eye of the storm blinks, and moves on.

JANE SHORE

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be met, heard, spoken to, learned from, and, possibly, surpassed.

Canetti was born to proud and well-to-do Sephardic Jews in Ruschuk, a port city on the lower Danube, in 1905. It was, as he notes, a city full of the babble of many tongues, not simply Bulgarian, but Turkish, Romanian, Russian, Greek, and Armenian as well, in addition to the Ladino dialect that his family spoke, a Spanish yiddish of, to me, unimaginable exoticism and oddness. His parents, however, had spoken German to one another during the days of their somewhat difficult courtship, and they continued to do so after their marriage, linguistically preserving a privacy and a past that meant much to them. Canetti is angry with those who can read and appear to be denying him this accomplishment (it provides him with one of his archetypes: first feeling of murderous rage), and he is jealous of a language he cannot understand, phrases of which he begins to memorize without knowing what they mean. Language is something for which he has an exceptional need, and he associates, from his earliest years, not only his basic passions with it, but also various of life's activities with different ones: Ladino, for instance, with all the dramatic events of his upbringing, Bulgarian for fairy tales and the world of the peasants, German for intimacy and love. Only later do many of these areas of existence *become* German.

He is six when his father moves the family to Manchester where the Canettis had a profitable business, and seven when his father dies suddenly of a stroke, a newspaper reporting the outbreak of a war in the Balkans in his hands. His father's horror at reading of the war had killed him, people said. That was the first lie, a solicitous one, to protect a child from a truth he could not, it was said, understand. Shortly after their arrival in England, his mother, clearly of a high-strung, even hysterical, somewhat cruel nature, fell ill and was sent to Bad Reichenhall for a cure. Young, intelligent, attractive, well-read, she charmed and was charmed by one of her doctors who urged her to leave her husband and become his wife. She is too frank with her husband about the doctor's attraction to her, and he orders her back to England where, on the morning following her arrival, and after a serious quarrel the night before, he continues to refuse to speak to her until she finally

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confesses the whole affair (although there was none), and dies abruptly in the midst of his silence. The boy, who has never fancied his mother much and has not especially missed her, is gathered to her with an oedipal ease which must account for some of Canetti's dislike of Freud, for if ever a psychology seemed best understood in those terms, it is his. He had learned English while in Manchester, of course, and begun lessons in French, but his mother now takes him away to Vienna; begins to teach him the native language of her marriage; feeds his neurotic hunger for knowledge; becomes his demanding tutor, confessor, führer finally. Their conversations are exhilarating, exhausting, loving, cruel, interminable. Canetti grows up to be a book, but his mother meanly teases him too, accusing him of knowing nothing because he knows only the word and nothing of the world.

His mother's mysterious malaise returns; she goes off to a spa where their complex affair will be carried on with equal intensity through the post, until her little play of seduction, "My Doctor's Love," is put on the boards once more, with its predictable torture of her jealous sonhusband. Canetti behaves like a brat, and worsts his opponent. Mother and son collapse into reconciliation and flee further intrusions of life and love by traveling to Zurich where Canetti's studies are continued in still another country, in yet another temporary lodging.

These developments are rendered with great honesty, humanity, and understanding, in an uncharacteristically lean, straightforward, German prose. Canetti's style is almost continuously declarative, and his comprehension of human affairs remains amazingly outside any system, for he does not psychoanalyze his relationship with his mother, he simply, wisely, *has it*; and this is one reason why his account is so unmuddied, immediate, and moving.

Canetti, like his scholarly sinologist, Professor Kien, the central figure of *Auto-da-Fé*, seems to remember clearly everything he wants to, although his recall of conversations brings to mind Thucydides's marvelous oratorical inventions in which historical figures are allowed to speak as they ought to have, rather than as they probably did. Still, I feel no uncertainty about their essential truthfulness, and this accuracy of fact (also a characteristic of Professor Kien) has no doubt been greatly helped by Canetti's habit of making personal memoranda, taking notes, and keeping diaries, inscribing the latter in a coded stenographese to ensure privacy. (These types of writing he distinguishes for us in a charming essay, "Dialogue with a Cruel Partner," collected in *The Conscience of Words*, a volume that also contains his magnificent study of Kafka's letters to Felice, as well as his thoughts on Karl Kraus, Hermann Broch, Georg Büchner, Hiroshima, Speer, and Nazi architecture. The musings, notes, aphorisms, and reflections Canetti set down during the decades of the composition of *Crowds and Power* (1942 to 1972) have been gathered together in a very stimulating volume called *The Human Province*.)

BOOKS BY CANETTI AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH

Auto-da-Fé
(Seabury Press)

Crowds and Power
(Seabury Press)

The Human Province
(Seabury Press)

The Conscience of Words
(Seabury Press)

The Voices of Marrakesh
(Seabury Press)

Earwitness
(Seabury Press)

The Tongue Set Free
(Seabury Press)

Kafka's Other Trial
(Schocken Books)

The Torch in My Ear
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

It seems clear that this autobiography, of which we now have two volumes in English, is intended to be a major work: first on account of its projected length (*The Tongue Set Free* takes his life only to its sixteenth year, while *The Torch in My Ear* brings it barely to 1931 and the composition of *Auto-da-Fé*); and second because of the quality of its conception and composition. What Canetti says of the *Conversations* of Confucius is also true here: "... everything it contains and indeed everything it *lacks* is important."

Episode after episode is drawn with unforgettable vividness, and although literature and painting continue to provide him with permanent objects of study (Kafka, Gilgamesh, Grünewald, Bosch), Canetti's sensitivity to the external world has been sharpened to the point of pain by the taunts of his mother who has accused her sixteen-year-old son of being "a coward who refused to look life in the face because of mere books, an arrogant fool stuffed with false and useless knowledge, a narrow-minded, self-complaisant parasite, a pensioner, an old man who hadn't proved himself in any way, shape, or form." Canetti is as convinced as I am that this rough reality we are so often urged to confront, as though it were our fate, is not always worse than the word in its harshness, or greater in its degree of reality; because the word, whether it merely scrapes the nerves or shatters the soul, can live through many seasons in its sentence, even in the shortest phrase; it does not sting singly and die like the bee, but it multiplies throughout history as though lengths of time were its queen; it stings, therefore, incessantly; it poisons with a vicious persistence; still Canetti feels compelled, like a sissy who seeks fights, to go out against it, to yield it pride of place; yet the glare of the world affronts the cloistered eye: a woman faints in the street; the face of a friend suddenly registers for you the profoundest hate; a protesting crowd is fired on and figures fall softly in the street; you wake to find your landlady, a widow, in your room, quietly sniffing and licking the backs of the photographs of her husband which normally honor the walls ... so have you gone out of doors to go mad, as Professor Kien does? Have you slipped from between the covers of your books to be dazzled by daylight and blinded by things? In any case, Canetti's tenderness toward existence, his shock, his surprise at the way the world is, his grave and humorless naiveté before facts he already *knows* and has read about, continues to yield him epiphanies and prototypes of all kinds, riddles and knots and confusions he will spend the rest of his life patiently trying to understand and unravel and sort out.

Although there are brief, sharply drawn portraits of Brecht, Grosz, and Babel, three other figures dominate this second volume. The first is Karl Kraus, a professional dominator anyway, whose magazine, *The Torch*, Kraus writes en-

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tirely himself, and which gives to this period of Canetti's life its name; the second is Veza, the woman we know will eventually become his wife, whom he meets at a Kraus "concert" the way, almost too perfectly, one might meet one's future spouse at church, or a Communist cell meeting, and the person who will soon replace his mother in those endless conversations that, for Canetti, are surrogates for courtship, and, as far as we know, every kind of caress; while the third is a paralyzed young man, a student of philosophy it turns out, who lives near Canetti in Vienna and whom he encounters being wheeled by his mother through the street.

Our author does not have to put asterisks at either end of this conjunction of signs: mother, helpless body, philosophy, active mind.

MANY WERE DRAWN to Karl Kraus. Some, like Canetti and Adorno, Adolph Loos and Alban Berg, came to study his scorn, and grew to admire his moral and intellectual courage, his hatred of everything cheap and vulgar, of stupidity, violence, and death. Others came to experience the movement, like a dancer, of a fine mind. Karl Kraus was a moral model by profession, a rhapsode in the old Greek sense, a speaker of insidious power, a reviler who condemned his enemies out of their own mouths. He whipped them with their own words. Kraus believed that Vienna's corrupt society could be read in the way it wrote and spoke; that cliché and carelessness and lack of taste ought to burn the tongue, and he taught Canetti to look for human weakness in words, and to demand a style that made no concessions to sect, sex, or marketplace in its pursuit of sincerity, honesty, and truth.

To Thomas Marek, the paralyzed student, Canetti begins to speak, for the first time fully, of his obsession: the crowd, its character, control, significance (it is a subject Canetti has come to in the same way he has all his others—through an initial shock, a prototypical experience of riot and violence); but Canetti is impressed by the triumph of Marek's mind over his body, by this man who must turn the pages of his philosophy texts with his tongue (more of the same symbolism); and with Marek, Canetti learns to listen too, for Marek is almost pure voice, a living anticipation of Samuel Beckett.

Karl Kraus despised the trivial; he was satisfied to expose the fraudulent, the glib, to nail the hypocrisies of the Viennese to the local trees; but there is something easy about all that, even though it is necessary. Canetti begins to hear a real heart beating in that silent pudding we so often are; he starts to discover, in the trivial and fleeting, the steadfast human things; and perhaps he even heard my irritation at the noise that murdered our meeting, even sensed my weakness.

While working in the chemistry lab (for he is obediently pursuing a useful career), Canetti is, of course, surrounded by the tics and japes and oddities of others. But, as he writes,

> I did not realize how much I learned in the laboratory from seemingly absurd or insignificant conversations. I encountered advocates of all opinions that were affecting the world. And had I been open to all concrete things (as I mistakenly imagined myself to be), I might have gained a good number of important insights from these supposedly trivial conversations. But my respect for books was still too great, and I had barely set out on the road to the true book: each individual human being, bound in himself.

Thus the conflict between life and art, writing and reality, the library and the street, is solved, but at no expense of respect for the book, for human beings are ennobled and set free by being, in that way, bound.

Elias Canetti has now achieved such fame as to be unknown all over the world. His obscurity is a part of his character, and is a credit to him, for he might be more widely recognized if his thought were sly and riddling, got up in a seductive lingo all its own so as to seem complex and problematic, not simply, plainly, and vertiginously deep. A quizzical look would not always follow the saying of his name, if he had established a school of intellectual knaves to keep that name alive, his logo lit. If he had adopted a posture like a dog's the more fulsomely to piss against whatever noble tree might be embarked; if he had been an idolater, an ideologue, a fanatic, a terrorist, instead of a fiercely candid critic and generous yet shrewd admirer; if he had simply *joined* something, he'd have had a considerably greater play in the press. If he had softened his scorn, rather than giving it a hard and endless edge, or run out of anger like water while fighting a fire, instead of drawing on an abundant store with which to

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combat the fresh catastrophe each day presents, we would perhaps love him more, because we are flattered by the failings of others, we prefer weakness, especially in our moralists; and if he had not finally fallen silent from respect for the word, and learned to listen —*that lost art*—learned to listen to *us*— to our most trivial mutterings, our conventional complaints—in order that his own writing might bear witness to the leperous condition of our conscience, the sorrowful state of our lives, we might have kept our own bound volumes shut and out of reach of this grabby, voracious, rabbi of our word.

THE DISSENTER IN EXILE

Notes of a Revolutionary by Andrei Amalrik translated by Guy Daniels with an introduction by Susan Jacoby

(Knopf, 343 pp., $16.95)

I read *Notes of a Revolutionary* with a mixture of exhilaration and sadness. Exhilaration, for it is no doubt Amalrik's best book—by turns incisive, witty, literate, and vivacious. Sadness, because those very qualities make me realize once again how much poorer the world of Soviet dissent is now that Amalrik is dead.

In his afterword to the first edition of Amalrik's *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?* (1970), Professor Sidney Monas observed that it was "very difficult to imagine [Amalrik] outside the Soviet context in which he lives." How perceptive this remark was became evident six years later, when Amalrik, following the experiences depicted in *Notes of a Revolutionary*, emigrated to the West. Particularly in the United States, where he spent his penultimate year lecturing and writing, many of his listeners and acquaintances found that the qualities they had admired in his books seemed gratingly out of context. Amalrik's insights into the Soviet system, once striking, no longer carried much conviction. And the feisty spirit that served him so well in his interminable confrontations with Soviet authorities now struck many as species of arrogance. In this respect, there was indeed little difference between Amalrik and other Russian dissidents. In the stultifying atmosphere of Brezhnev's Russia, their "Western" critique of the Soviet system, with its emphasis on the rule of law and human rights, and its repudiation of the noxious heritage of Russian nationalism and xenophobia, was a breath of fresh air. When proclaimed from the rostrums of American lecture halls, it seemed stale or obvious.

Oddly enough, there was also a deeper "Russian" strain to Amalrik's personality. In some respects, he had always reminded me of that quintessentially Russian prophet Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, whose "right-wing Slavophile" ideas Amalrik vigorously rejected. Like Solzhenitsyn, Amalrik could be vain and dogmatic. More, he shared the latter's penchant for apocalyptic visions. The prediction of a Soviet-Chinese war that he offered in his *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?*, for all its astute observations on the nature of the Soviet regime, was not—as some of his friendly critics argued at that time—a mere exercise in literary imagination. Much as Solzhenitsyn's writings are animated by a Slavophile dislike of the "rotten West," so was Amalrik's attitude toward China, as he admitted to me in the course of an interview shortly after his departure from the Soviet Union; it's a view dictated by a "feeling common to many Russians for nearly a century"—a feeling "that Russia's destruction will not come from the West, but from the East—more specifically, from China." As if to clinch the point, he quoted approvingly lines from a poem by the late nineteenth-century poet Vladimir Soloviev: "Oh, Rus, forget your bygone glory/ The double-headed eagle is destroyed/ At half-mast are your banners—/ Victims of a yellow wind." For a committed Westerner proud of his training as a "historian," so blatant an espousal of irrationality and (not to mince words) racism came with the shock of revelation.

But there was another, and far stronger side to Amalrik's character—that of the eternal skeptic, the detached observer, the man capable of dissecting the absurdities of the world around him, as well as of his own inconsistencies. Those qualities were exemplified in his splendid *Involuntary Journey to Siberia* (1970)—an account of his two years at a collective farm in Siberia, where he was exiled on charges of "parasitism" (but actually for having taken part in nonconformist literary and artistic activities)—especially in his acidulous portraits of typical Russian peasants, so much at odds with the idealized image held out by Solzhenitsyn and his intellectual progenitors (and current disciples). The qualities informed his sober analysis of the Soviet dissent movement (in his *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?*) and many other writings. And they are brilliantly displayed in *Notes of a Revolutionary*, published two years after Amalrik's death in an automobile accident in Madrid. Indeed, the book demonstrates that toward the end of his brief life (he was only 42 when he died), Amalrik had resolved the internal conflict between his "Slavophile" and "Western" sides decisively in favor of the latter.

Notes of a Revolutionary spans the decade 1966 to 1976—a decade as important in Amalrik's life as it was in the history of post-Stalin Russia. In 1966, having returned from his "involuntary journey," Amalrik plunged into the new phenomenon of political dissent—the unending chain of protests, repressions, and trials leading to yet more repressions and protests—that was emerging during those years. By 1970, now a full-fledged (though stubbornly individualistic) member of the "democratic movement," Amalrik was arrested and sentenced to three years in a labor camp for "spreading falsehoods derogatory to the Soviet state." The "gulag world" is by now familiar to Western readers, but Amalrik's grimly witty description of his three years in prisons and camps (including his 117 days on a hunger strike, 70 of them on a force-fed diet) provides details not to be found in any other account.

In 1973, still defiant, Amalrik was

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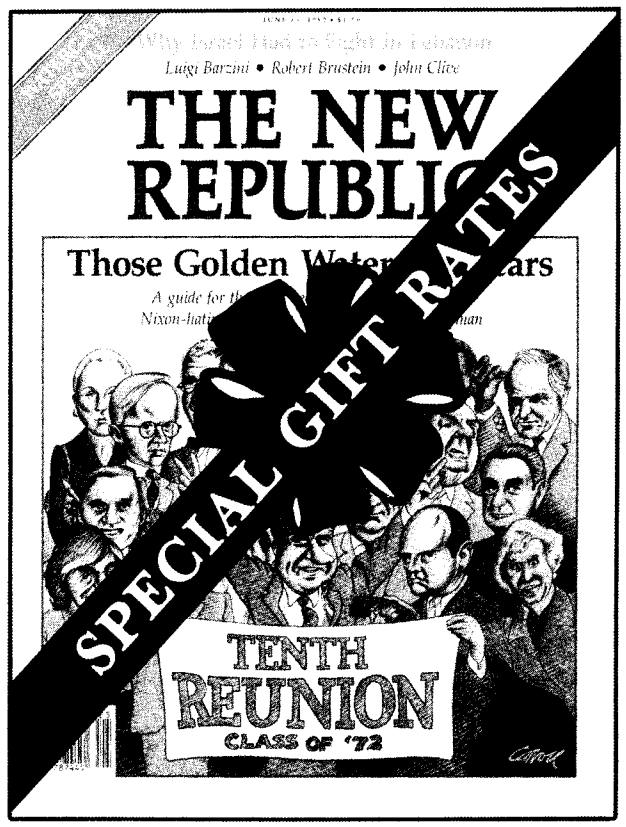

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retried, this time for "disseminating information defaming the Soviet system in places of incarceration." The trial was a model of political chicanery, with witnesses bribed into testifying against the defendant, and the verdict clearly determined in advance. However, in view of Amalrik's poor state of health (a bout with an acute case of meningitis), the effects of his hunger strike, and the fame of his two books—all of which made him into an international cause célèbre—his new three-year sentence was commuted to exile in Magadan, the capital of the dreaded Kolyma area in Siberia, one of the deadliest sites of Stalin's *monde concentrationnaire*. Officially classed as an invalid, he did not have to engage in heavy labor, and his wife Gyuzel—a strikingly beautiful Tatar, a gifted painter and herself (in time) the author of a haunting memoir—could join him in his place of exile. When the three years were up, the Amalriks left for Moscow, where Andrei again became involved in dissident activities. The authorities, eager to get rid of a perennial (and embarrassing) trouble-maker, made it clear that he would be hounded indefinitely unless he agreed to emigrate. And so Amalrik, himself a non-Jew, and his Moslem-born wife, finding the threat of continuous harassment unbearable, finally applied for visas to Israel (ironically, the only route legally available to political opponents of the regime). In July 1976, after some further skirmishes with the authorities (mainly over his right to take out his paintings, books, and Siamese cat), the Amalriks finally left for the Netherlands, guests of their old friend Karel van het Reve, a professor of Russian literature at the University of Leyden.

SCRUPULOUSLY FAIR, Amalrik's assessment of dissent in the Soviet Union neither exaggerates nor minimizes its accomplishments. Nor, for that matter, are the individual dissidents depicted in uniformly roseate colors. An art lover and collector of unofficial art, he refuses to give art more credit than it deserves: "Isolation had made it impossible to restore the continuity not only of Russian art in the twentieth century but of unofficial art during the twenty years of its existence." Western hypocrisy gets its share of Amalrik's sarcasm, too—for example, Western correspondents who sought notoriety by continuously dismissing the importance of the "handful of Russian dissidents," and one U.S. Embassy official, a friend of the Amalriks in the early 1960s, who fifteen years later refused even to see him. (The story is undoubtedly true: in 1975, when still a government official, I visited the Soviet Union and was mournfully reprimanded by the same official—in his name, and in the name of the ambassador—for having paid not just one, but two visits to Andrei Sakharov. Then Kissinger's concept of "detente" did not include either contacts with dissidents in Moscow, or entertaining a celebrated nonconformist writer in the White House.)

A final word about Amalrik's humor: it is ironic, sometimes sly, frequently exuberant, and no less frequently scatological. His comment on the latter quality is worth quoting in full:

> An American professor who read this manuscript remarked cautiously that perhaps I had overworked the theme: Americans, he said, are eager to find Freudian complexes in everything. I replied that if those psychoanalysts had squatted out in the freezing cold with a bare ass, as the great Russian people do, they would have found a simpler explanation.

I don't know about the professor but I, for one, find the explanation eminently sensible.

The title of Amalrik's last book is taken, of course, from the autobiography of Prince Peter Kropotkin. There may be little resemblance between Amalrik and the serious scientist and founder of "anarchic communism," except perhaps this: both abhorred the Soviet regime for its duplicity and inhumaneness, and neither lived to see his ideals realized. I don't know whether Amalrik, had he lived to ripe old age (as did Kropotkin), would have ever become the head of a political movement, however small or *manqué*. It was not in organizational work that his real strength lay. Yet as a clear-headed critic and as an eloquent spokesman for a cause he had no equals. And as such he will be missed.

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

MORE MYTH THAN TRUTH

A History of Venice by John Julius Norwich

(Knopf, 704 pp., $20)

The temptation is great to write a review that gives only praise to this book. Viscount Norwich is a good writer and, from the beginning to the end, the book is pleasant to read, and that cannot be said about many books of this length. Like historians of other times, the author delights in describing military campaigns and in bringing to life the accounts of triumphs and defeats. Few readers will easily forget Norwich's story of the blind old Doge Enrico Dandolo exhorting the Venetian sailors to beach their ships beneath the walls of Constantinople and storm the city, and of the "orgy of brutality and vandalism" that followed the city's fall in 1204. Or Norwich's narrative of the dramatic events of 1571, when imperial Venice had been reduced to "an Italian state," but the Venetians were still capable of a heroic defense of Famagusta against the Turks, which ended with the beheading of the Venetian officers and the torture and skinning alive of the commander, Marcantonio Bragadin, and the almost simultaneous Venetian victory in the naval battle at Lepanto, which occasioned a spectacular celebration of rejoicing in Venice. Norwich's literary gifts are most evident in his account of the last weeks and days of the republic when the delaying tactics of cautious Venetian diplomacy were no match for an impatient Napoleon Bonaparte anxious to be rid of the obstacles that a neutral Venice could place in the way of the French advance. Norwich recounts how a dispirited and sparsely attended Great Council finally accepted the French ultimatum that demanded the creation of a democracy. That evening the weary old Doge Manin gave his ducal cap to his valet with the words:

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"Take it, I shall not be needing it again."

The principal defect of this story of Venice lies not in what is told or in how it is told, but in what the book fails to tell us. There are many omissions, doubtful interpretations, and some errors that grate on the conscience of a scholar. Indeed, this reader has the uneasy feeling that the Venice whose history Norwich recalls is scarcely the same Venice that engages the attention of scholarly historical research today.

THE FUNDAMENTAL REASON for this incongruity, however, is Norwich's confusion of the Venetian political myth with Venetian political reality. The "myth of Venice" had slowly developed over centuries and was codified during the sixteenth century, when the War of the League of Cambrai (1509-1517) brought Venice near to ruin, and the shaken Venetians needed to be reminded of their past greatness, needed to be convinced of the enduring strength of their state. This was the purpose of the treatise *De magistratibus et republica Venetorum* that was published in 1543 and must be considered the most famous book on Venice ever written. Its author, Gasparo Contarini, whose 400th birthday will be celebrated by symposia in many countries next year, was one of Venice's most skillful diplomats, and later as a Cardinal, a leading member of the Reform Party at the Roman Curia and in the forefront of the last serious attempt to bridge the gap between Catholics and Lutherans at the meeting of Ratisbon. But Contarini's legacy lies in the influence of his treatise on Venice. Contarini's description of the Venetian state and its institutions is that of a perfect republican society, an ideal body politic. Contarini's views were adopted by English aristocratic politicians in the seventeenth century, and some of his notions found their way into the dreams and plans of the founding fathers of this country.

Contarini's treatise, though it contains some lively descriptions of Venetian customs, is primarily a handbook-like outline of the Venetian constitution, which according to Contarini had existed from almost the foundation of Venice as a neat balance in which common interest, not private interest, was the guiding principle: elements of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy were combined in such a way that every group in society had a voice in government; justice was imparted equally to all. This perfect political order ensured harmony among the citizens and nourished selfless devotion to Venice.

There is a strange, almost ironic indication of the influence of the Venetian political myth on Norwich's view of Venetian history in the fact that, despite the similarities in outlook, neither the name of Gasparo Contarini occurs in the text of Norwich's book nor is Contarini's treatise listed in the bibliography. It would seem that Norwich was not aware of the imaginative elements in Contarini's outline of the Venetian constitution, but regarded the treatise as a factual report which made particular comment superfluous.

The lack of a separation of myth from reality is a serious fault, however, because inherent in the myth are two assumptions that falsify the picture of what happened in the Venetian past. In the myth, Venetian history has a static quality. In its earliest times, Venice was given a constitution that remained intact throughout the course of Venetian history. It is true that the skeleton of the Venetian political structure remained the same from the Middle Ages to the end of the eighteenth century: Doge and Collegio, Council of Ten, Senate and Great Council, but this does not mean immutability. The role that these councils played in the administration changed: the weight they pulled in policy decisions shifted, and the general direction was from the wider and larger bodies to narrower and exclusive committees; and even within the councils there was a gradual tendency for small groups of wealthy men with common financial interests to become dominant. In the last century of the Venetian republic, the Council of Ten became an all-powerful institution, and under the Ten, Venice became something of a police state, in which the number of those who were excluded from power and dissatisfied steadily grew. Napoleon's demand for the creation of a democracy was not without support in the city.

Another assumption of the Venetian myth—that social harmony was a prevailing feature of Venetian life—also cannot be seriously maintained. It is true that the same legal procedures were applied to all Venetians, but punishments and fines differed according to rank and status; nobles convicted of crimes were let off more easily than citizens. Moreover, from the fifteenth century on, when the circle of the really influential politicians became smaller and the political decisions were made in the narrower councils, opposition and antagonism to the ruling group among the great mass of the members of the Great Council, and that meant the poorer members of the Venetian nobility grew, and they had to be appeased. They were settled in the colonies, for instance in Crete, where land was allotted to them so that in their empire Venetian republicans ruled as feudal lords. Or they received remunerative administrative positions on the mainland. In-

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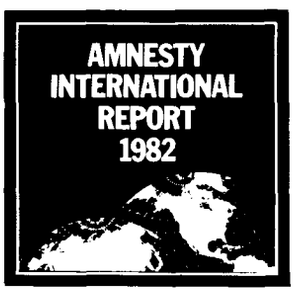

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ternal tension and pressure had their part in policies that led to the building of an empire and to expansion on the terra firma.

Without giving due weight to the internal struggles, to the tensions between rich and poor, to the rivalries among the great and the ambition for power, Venetian history can still be presented as a story of expansion and empire-building, of naval battles and sieges, of acquisition of wealth by trade and its display in palaces and chapels—as Norwich in his book has done—but we learn little about the real dynamism that stood behind these developments. Moreover, the most difficult, but also the most crucial and stimulating problem of Venetian history has not been touched upon. Norwich assumes—and for those who know and love Venice such an assumption is very natural—that Venice is unique, and because of this uniqueness, everything that concerns Venice easily takes on the character of a fairy tale. But how unique was Venice really? Many of its institutions were similar to those in other city republics; at the outset the Venetian Great Council was not different from the popular assemblies, from which city governments arose all over Italy in medieval times, and the development of a steadily narrowing ruling group also has many parallels. However, it is evident that Venice's geographical position, the necessary concentration on trade, and the special conditions that geography and politics imposed on these trading interests modified what might be regarded as a "typical" urban development and created special institutions and attitudes. Only a consideration of the interaction of these various features and a careful distinction of the factors and forces that changed in the course of Venetian history will give a true picture of the Venetian past. But since historical scholarship has hardly laid the groundwork on which such a "true" history can be built, we ought probably be content to have, with Norwich's book, a revised modernized version of the traditional romantic Venetian history.

FELIX GILBERT

Felix Gilbert, of the Institute For Advanced Study, is the author most recently of *The Pope, His Banker and Venice* (Harvard University Press).

A CHRONICLE OF COURAGE

Intensive Care: A Family Love Story by Mary-Lou Weisman

(Random House, 306 pp., $13.95)

For the reader of exposés such as *Crazy Time, Mommie Dearest*, and the currently best-selling *Edie*—books that belong to a genre that might be called "the pornography of family life"—Mary-Lou Weisman's novel about a young family's confrontation with the mortal illness of their smallest child will come as a moral restorative. For there are constructive as well as destructive family truths; and there are people who can manage to go on caring, even when caring opens them to terrible vulnerability and pain—like the people in this gripping, rowdy, and ultimately noble family chronicle.

Mary-Lou Weisman was living in suburban Connecticut with her lawyer husband Larry and their two small sons when they learned that Petey—their youngest, age two-and-a-half—had muscular dystrophy. The prognosis was a long and difficult illness, as Petey's body musculature atrophied and he became progressively more immobilized, and ultimately died. *Intensive Care: A Family Love Story*, the tale of the Weismans' effort to cope with Petey's illness and to give him as "normal" an existence as possible, is not a sanitized story; Mary-Lou Weisman leaves few of the intimate, unhappy details out—her own insomniac despair, her husband's sexual dysfunction when he realizes Petey will never know the joys of making love.

I don't know why a book on such a sad subject should be so witty and warm, but it is. One of the best scenes takes place in a motel, where Larry and Mary-Lou have gone for some privacy. After a comic registration routine (the clerk is sure they aren't married, of course), they arrive in the room only to realize that Mary-Lou is too exhausted to contemplate sex. Larry undresses her, bathes her, dries her tenderly. After that, they go home to find a group of kids—pals of their older son, Adam—joking around with the wheelchair-bound Petey, treating him like an ordinary kid.

Together the Weismans manage to give Petey as "ordinary" a life as possible, and also manage to keep their marriage alive and vital, in the face of what are actually daunting statistical odds: over 75 percent of couples forced to deal with the death of a child either get divorced during the illness or shortly afterward. This happens, I suppose, because the parents' role is a protective one, and the death of a child is experienced, at some level, as an unbearably acute failure. And, above all, it's hard to look to one's partner for solace, for the pain in his or her face mirrors one's own.

But the Weismans manage to keep finding strength in each other. Mary-Lou gets up at night to "piss" her son, whose muscles have atrophied to the point that he is unable to urinate without help—or even to shift his own weight in bed. She keeps him company through the long hours of after-school loneliness, trying to do this without making him feel too helpless or too "special." In the last stage of Petey's illness, there is the whole family—Mary-Lou, Larry, Adam—in the intensive care unit, trying to coax him back for a little more hope and life, with their scatological jokes and wild antics. They succeed in keeping him with them for just a while longer; he is wanted and loved. When Petey dies at the end of his short life, one could not say that his life has been without meaning; he has given and received so much joy. And the Weismans, who would scoff at the notion that they are heroic figures, end up being just that, heroes of ordinary family living.

MAGGIE SCARF

Maggie Scarf is the author of *Unfinished Business: Pressure Points in the Lives of Women* (Ballantine).

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TRB, *from page 4*

Now we come to the evidence that this is a global crisis. Here are some highlights. In May a company called Drysdale Government Securities defaulted. It cost Chase Manhattan Bank $285 million and gave the world financial community the jitters. Next, the Italian Banco Ambrosiano: a matter of $1.6 billion. A month later, the Penn Square Bank of Oklahoma City folded (it joined thirty-three American banks that have failed so far this year). Penn Square's tangled finances included three hundred loans worth a billion dollars picked up by Chicago's Continental Illinois; it had gotten hooked on oil. People wondered: if it could happen here why not anywhere? The comptroller of the currency had been watching the bank for two years.

For months financial briefs have told of the difficulties of third world countries wrestling with simultaneous recession and inflation. But few were ready when Mexico announced in August that it couldn't meet payments on $80 billion of foreign debts, three-fourths of which was owed to 1,100 Western banks. Mexico was kept from absolute default by the international community. But what next?

President Reagan hasn't helped much in this. I'm not sure he understands the problem. The world is looking to the United States. Nations that have borrowed tens of billions may default on their debts. There are corporate scares: International Harvester and A.E.G. Telefunken. At the Versailles summit last summer, heads of state agreed that the world's in trouble. Reagan's message to our allies was that they must not aid the Soviets in building the Siberian gas pipeline and that he will apply sanctions if they do. On the other hand, Reagan tells a farm audience that he is authorizing the sale of an additional fifteen million metric tons of U.S. grain to the Soviets. This is on top of the six to eight million a year previously agreed on. Commenting on the matter, former secretary of state Henry Kissinger offers no moral judgment. He just says that the Soviet economy is in such awful shape that the President could have extracted political concessions from Moscow if he had played it right.

Well, the midterm election will soon be over. Most of the world hopes that when it is finished, we can come back to global problems. There they wait.

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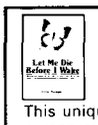

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ICELAND DIARIST

Cold Comforts

ICELAND HAS NEVER been the stuff of American headlines. There hasn't been much hard news out of the place since the "cod-war" of 1975-1976, when Icelandic trawlers challenged British warships in a successful effort to maintain exclusive fishing rights within a two-hundred-mile coastal zone. Even then most of the stories had a tone of amused condescension. It's the same with "soft" reporting out of Iceland. At the American library in Reykjavik, I watched an old "60 Minutes" clip in which Mike Wallace talks playfully about the prodigious Icelandic appetite for alcohol, sex, and the printed word. It's true, of course. There's not much else to do in a place where the wind and rain bluster all year round, where low clouds blanket the sky an average of twenty-eight days a month. For those who don't stay at home on Friday night, curled up with a Thomas Mann or a new Halldór Laxness (the local Nobel litterateur), there is always Reykjavik's main square, Laekjartorg, where hundreds of youths gather to drink the local brew.

BARREN AND RAW, the product of a volcanic evolution on the mid-Atlantic rift that continues today, this land seems an earthly homage to the moon. (Apollo astronauts did, in fact, bounce around the island's uninhabited interior in preparation for their lunar landings.) Craters, cliffs, and sheep abound; outside of Reykjavik, though, people are scarce. On one excursion, following dirt roads along the sinuous coastline north of the capital, we stopped to bat around some golf balls on a vast, untouched sea of black sand that lies in the shadow of the perfect cone of a mountain not more than a few thousand years old. During another trip, we visited one of the world's last whaling stations at Hfalfórdur, a long, deep-blue bay in which Allied ships anchored during World War II, and saw a forty-foot sei reduced to blubber, red steaks, and offal in minutes by a crew armed with machetes, cranes, and chains. The next day, at Thingvellir, where a sharp ridge topped by a square canyon demonstrates the grinding of the continental plates, we stood at the site of Iceland's first parliamentary gatherings of Viking tribesmen a millenium ago, from which the present congress, the *Althing*, is directly descended. It is the world's oldest surviving democratic institution.

ICELAND'S POPULATION is only 230,000, and politics here is intimate. Almost every Icelander with whom I spoke has met the country's President, Vigdís Finnbogadóttir, and many know her well. I was introduced to her at an exhibit opening of the Danish sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen at the national museum. She is the world's only directly elected female head-of-state, a charming and unaffected woman who has recently returned from a three-week whirlwind tour of the U.S. to promote a Scandanavian extravaganza. (See "The Year of the Vikings," by John Canaday, page 25.) She told me that her private life has changed little since assuming the presidency in 1980. The museum's director, meanwhile, who hosted the Nixon-Pompidou talks here in 1973, inquired after Nixon's health and wondered if he shouldn't drop in on the ex-President the next time he's in the States. This is not such an odd notion in a country where the telephone book is alphabetized by first name.

ICELAND MAY BE UNINVITING, but the superpowers seem to like it. Flying commercially from New York, one lands at Keflavik, about forty minutes from downtown Reykjavik, where the Icelandair DC-8 parks a stone's throw away from several F-4 fighters, anti-submarine P-3Cs, and an Awacs surveillance plane. This is an important U.S. naval air station. The island has one of those locations invariably called "strategic": between Greenland and Scotland, at the gates of the North Atlantic, it is essential to NATO's northern flank planning. In wartime, Keflavik would be vital to the containment of the Soviet armada based at Murmansk and to the reinforcement and resupply of a European theater, an Ascension Island for World War III. During the present peace, however, the base is a source of local political and social tensions. The 4,500 American servicemen would be the rough equivalent of our hosting four-and-a-half-million foreign troops in suburban New York. Although most Icelanders accept the need for a continued American force and for the country's NATO affiliation, a vocal minority demands American withdrawal. The Soviets do what they can to capitalize on such disaffection. With some sixty diplomats in Reykjavik (ten times as many as the U.S.), they enjoy a strong proxy in the People's Alliance party, the only political advocate of Icelandic neutralism. The Icelanders, meanwhile, don't mingle much with the Americans at Keflavik; one rarely sees a buzzcut on the streets of Reykjavik. The base itself, a dreary tribute to suburban sprawl, is a half-hearted attempt to make the troops feel more at home.

AS IN THE EARLY 1970s, when the Icelandic government was openly committed to expelling American forces, anti-American sentiment is growing along with the island's increasing economic troubles. Although it enjoys one of the world's highest standards of living, with an unemployment rate that rarely exceeds 0.4 percent, Iceland depends heavily on foreign trade. The fishing industry, which accounts for almost 90 percent of Iceland's exports, has been in decline over the past two years. Inflation is running at about 60 percent; the krona has been devalued more than two-fold since January 1981. After the failure of several "austerity" programs, Icelanders concede that the present government, a broad coalition including both conservatives and Communists, will fall by next spring. The People's Alliance, and with it the Soviets, stands to profit from the resulting polarization.

ICELANDERS DON'T LIKE handouts: the government has refused a standing $20 million U.S. offer to help build a new civilian terminal at the Keflavik airport. Several years ago, they forbade American television programming from being piped from the base. Iceland is trying to maintain an admirable political and cultural integrity in a global community that, through mass communications and easy access, stifles eccentricity. The Icelanders don't really want to be taken seriously by the outside world. They'd just as soon be left alone.

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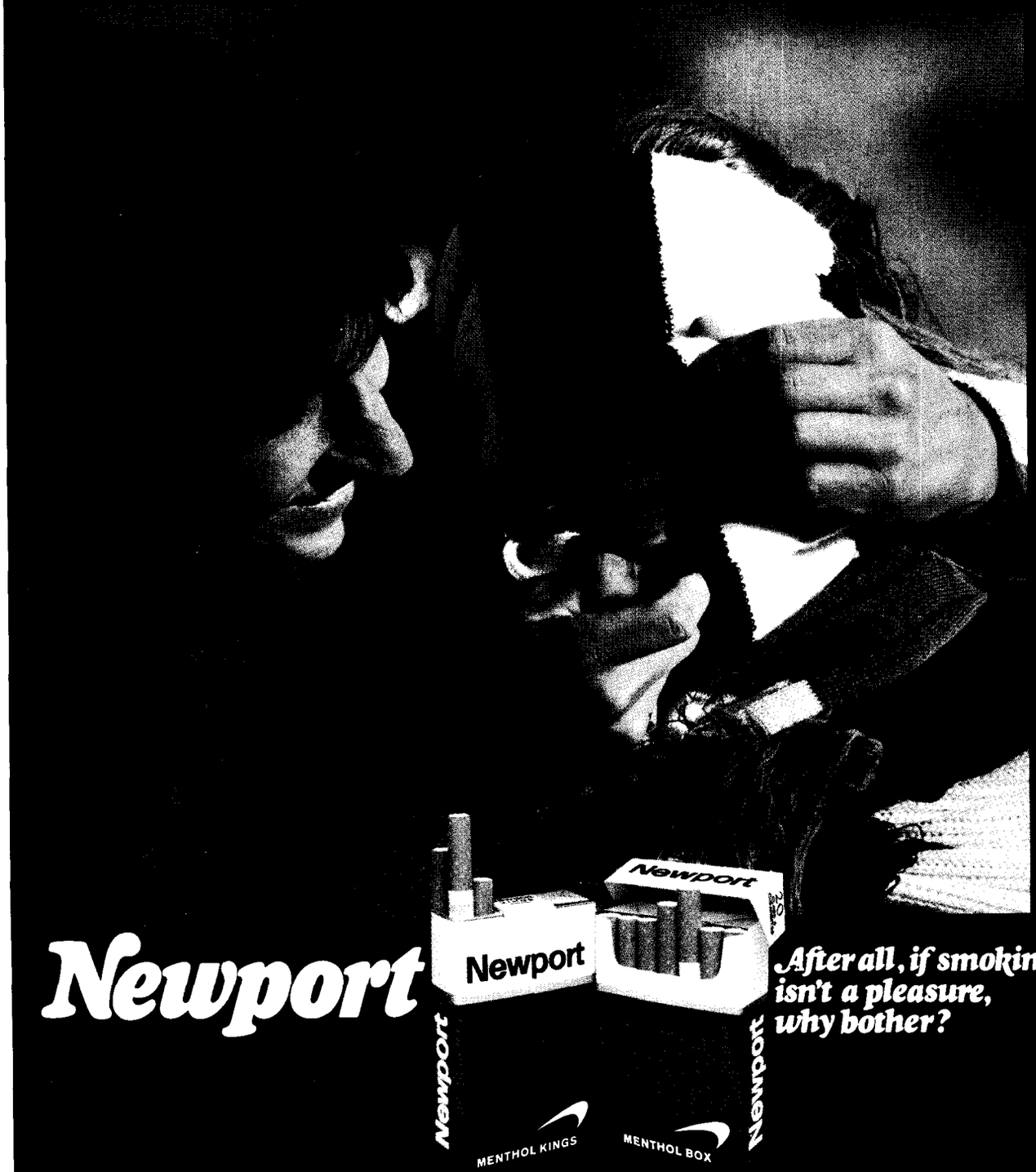

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